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THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume LII. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 27, 1902. Number 13.

Life's Mirror

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do:
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, March 27, 1902.

A Week with Our Exchanges.

This week the columns of The Pacific are filled with articles selected from our exchanges. We believe that our readers will find it a very interesting number—as interesting and valuable as any religious paper published anywhere in the United States this week. The purpose in publishing such a number is to show how excellent and readable a lot of matter can be furnished by judicious selection from other papers, and to give our readers for one week the benefit of an eclectic religious newspaper. Occasionally there are found persons who place a very low estimate on the selected articles in a paper. For some unaccountable reason they value only the original articles. This is a mistake. We see papers nearly every week which contain good original articles, but the very best appearing in their columns frequently are some selected from other publications. We have noticed this several times lately in a paper of national reputation, and one which pays well for its contributed articles.

The limited space in The Pacific for these selections, after taking the usual space for our Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor comments, and the church news and other regular departments, has not allowed much range in selecting; nevertheless, nve excellent articles are presented. All are timely. The "Message of the Bible to the Man of Business" is one well worth a wide reading. The article on "The Indeterminate Sentence and Parole Law" shows the working of one of the best laws ever enacted in the interests of fallen humanity. Chaplain Drahms of San Quentin, who has made a study of such matters, says that Indiana is one of two States leading in this admirable reform. The Pacific Coast may find therein an excellent example to follow. The story concerning Tito and the Boxers shows a wonderful heroism in the Christian converts in China, and that that ancient civilization has that which is well worth incorporation into twentieth century life and progress. The article on "Early Influences in My Life" is a tribute to one of the good mothers of the last century and ought to be an encouragement and inspiration to mothers of today. That concerning Madame Tsilka, in our Woman's Board columns, is somewhat extraordinary and romantic. An Eastern paper, which copied it from the London paper, said: "So extraordinary and romantic is the account of her character and life that we have taken pains, with the aid of the Secretary of the American Board, to verify the story. Although it is not practicable just now to authenticate every detail strictly, the general truth of the account is undisputed, and apparently consistent with all that is known in missionary circles in this country."

In the preparation of the notes and busy world paragraphs we have so browsed among our exchanges as to be able to give with editorial comment important events of recent days in the religious and business world—events and facts, many of them, which do not come generally to the notice of the readers of our daily papers; but which are nevertheless of importance in showing world conditions as they are. This is not, however, any new feature of The Pacific. But such items have not been so numerous in these columns of late as formerly, because of the inability of the editor, busied with the other work of the paper, to prepare them. It often requires more time to write a page of such items than it does to write a page or two of editorial.

An Experience and a Manly Admission.

A few months ago the Rev. Robert Whitaker left the pastorate of the Baptist church at Palo Alto to engage in an independent work in this city. The Pacific was of the opinion at the time that is was a mistake, but in deference to the fine Christian character of the brother, who was at one time one of the editors of The Pacific Baptist, and also Superintendent of the Baptist home missionary work in this State, and lest our comment thereon might be misinterpreted, nothing was said of the work undertaken by him and others under the Christian Comrade movement.

It is highly significant that Mr. Whitaker comes out now in an open letter to his brethren in which he admits that the movement was a mistake. In that letter he says: "It may take a long time to climb up the grade, but when the turn is reached one can see a good deal in a few minutes. And I have seen a good deal the last few weeks. For one thing, I have seen that the fellowship of the churches is a priceless possession which no Christian man can afford to lose. The increase of that fellowship is to be desired, but such increase is coming

through enlargement within the denominations, and is not to be forced by refusing affiliation with all denominations, though no one of them may exactly correspond to what one conceives as the Christian ideal of worship and service. One gains nothing in his world-wide affections by refusing to have a home. A true home life is favorable to broad friendships. A true church life is favorable to the largest Christian fellowship."

Further, Mr. Whitaker says that he has found that if one wishes to preach Christ he can do it better in the church than out of it. In this connection he says: "Out of it such preaching is not expected, and hardly tolerated. The man who is content to say hard things about the churches can find plenty of opportunity outside, and a good many who will be glad to hear him. If he has a better message, and desires to set forth the simple, spiritual gospel of Jesus, he will find no better platform than the pulpit affords. For, with all its intellectual limitations, which are many and mischievous beyond a doubt, the evangelical pulpit is in a spiritual way the freest forum of the age. There is, I think, no better vantage point from which to lead men into the divine life."

Concerning the hearing given in San Francisco he says that it was fairly good, but was critical. He expresses the opinion that with a l rge amount of missionary money a down-town meeting could be maintained with some success, and that in the course of years a self-supporting body might be built up. "But the work can be done better," he says, "through some of the evangelical denominations. Our message is so nearly one with the message of the churches that those who are in the churches do not care to come out, while those are out with the churches do not care to come in. We have asked no one to leave any church on our account. On the contrary, I have advised friends who have consulted me to remain in their present fellowship and make the most of it in the way of Christian service. Our hope was to reach those the churches do not reach. But the fact that we stood away from the churches led our hearers to assume upon our part a hostility toward the churches, which are continually disappointed by our effort to preach the gospel instead of throwing stones. More of them came looking for novelty, or negations. Our affirmation of the old, old story was received with incredulity or contempt."

Whether Mr. Whitaker will remain in the Baptist denomination, where his membership yet is, is not yet decided. He still holds to that liberal theology which led him to take the step which he did take a few months ago. He says that he has not for many years believed in the J. Newton Brown Articles of Faith; that while the W. N. Clark theology suits him better it is quite unsatisfactory, except as a half-way house. In Harnack's "What is Christianity?" he finds positions which are practically his, he says, and to which he had come almost wholly before he had read what he terms that "epoch-making work." Some of his brethren are urging him to stay. Some of these approximate to his liberal position, others are of the conservatives. He expresses desire to take up evangelistic work; but the editor of the Pacific Baptist doubts whether the churches will wish him to do the work of an evangelist among them, after reading his open letter. One whom we take to be the associate editor of that paper says that they cannot do less than ask that he come, if he should come, "with the gospel of Paul and Augustine, and Wesley and Finney, and Knapp and Moody, and of Whitaker of ten years ago. To ask less than this would be to stultify ourselves." And this writer concludes as follows: "Our loyalty to our Lord will not permit us to so enlarge our borders that we must take in all the lowlands of doubt and unbelief into which an uncertain and unsettled soul may stray. Great-hearted, whole-souled, intellectually endowed brother, there is a place for you, a loving, large place for you, in the Baptist church, but surely you do not expect us to make the church over for you. Bright, tender, sympathetic, persuasive preacher, there is a place in the Baptist pulpit for you, but you surely do not demand that that pulpit shall cease to stand for those truths which have made it one of the most potent forces for righteousness on the globe."

Notes.

The Religious Telescope mentions the receipt of an anonymous article on "The Spiritual Declension of the Church," and remarks: "Might it not be well, now, to give the lamenting over and accounting for the decline of the Church a rest for a while, and look for and turn to the bright side of the Church and its victories? There is such a side, and the eye of genuine faith in God can see it."

The London Examiner states that the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as proprietors of the revised version of the Bible, have forbidden the introduction into Great Britain of the American revised version issued recently by Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons. A few weeks ago a gentleman secured a copy for himself and was so delighted with the new and luminous renderings of many passages that he ordered several copies for friends. To his surprise and disappointment, he received the following from Messrs. Nelson: "We regret exceedingly to say we are unable to ship these Bibles to Great Britain. The fact of the matter is, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have notified our Edinburgh house that these books are contraband, and we believe one small shipment which was sent earlier to London was confiscated." "Is it come to this," writes this disappointed man, "that the people of this country are to be denied the use of the best translation that has appeared? I am pretty confident such a prohibition will not long be tolerated by the Bible students in this country."

An Iowa correspondent of The Pacific Christian writes: "I am much pleased to note an increasingly growing interest among the brethren of the Coast for the Pacific Christian. The self-sacrificing editors and the upbuilding of the cause of Christianity in the great Pacific Coast region, justly and truly demand, and must have, such support. Our Eastern papers, if they were supplied without cost to all the brethren of the Coast, could not meet the local needs of our churches in that isolated section of our country. They must have a local medium of news and communicaion, such as is our Coast paper. Its support should be first, *first*, and all the time *first*." This is the opinion in regard to all the denominational papers on the Pacific Coast—the opinion of all well-informed, unprejudiced persons. They realize that it is impossible for the Eastern papers to meet the needs as the Coast papers can, and they accordingly believe it to be an obligation resting upon Pacific Coast people to support the papers published here, and when a choice has to be made between the Eastern and the Western, to give the latter the preference.

The Advance quotes the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, the son of President Eliot of Harvard, himself a Unitarian minister, as saying in substance that the defects in Unitarian preaching are in the scant reference that is made

to the fact of sin and the penalties which follow sin. After examining several hundred sermons Dr. Eliot said: "They present in bright colors the truth that he who does well it shall be well with him; but they omit to teach as to the wicked that it shall be ill with him." Of such preaching he says: "It might be alleged that it gratifies more than it converts; that it suggests but does not always convince. It dreams of heaven, but goes not so deep as hell. It is sentiment rather than force. It assumes virtue and is blind to the tragedy of sin." We think, with the Advance, that Dr. Eliot has described a great deal of preaching in pulpits other than Unitarian. It isn't effective, and the reason for its ineffectiveness lies in the fact that "it glosses over the awful facts of sin and guilt." Some ministers who do gloss these do not seem to be aware of the fact that they are so doing; but their hearers are aware of it.

Some one has asked of our contemporary, The Monitor, the Pacific Coast representative of the Roman Catholic Church, the following question: "Do you prohibit a member from visiting a Protestant church? The following reply, given by The Monitor, will be of interest, no doubt, to Protestants: "Visiting is rather a wide term. We suppose, however, that you mean to ask whether a Catholic is forbidden to attend Protestant religious services. To this question our answer is: Yes. It would be wrong and sinful for one who knows the truth to take part in error; so, it would be wrong and sinful for a Catholic to assist at false worship or to encourage by his presence or otherwise the teaching of false doctrines. Charity will make exceptions; so that a Catholic might attend, in an unofficial way, the marriage or funeral of a Protestant friend; might through common politeness listen whilst a Protestant minister addresses a public assembly, even on a religious subject; might also stand or kneel whilst Protestants pray or sing in their own homes or on public occasions." We are glad that Protestants are more liberal than Roman Catholics are, according to this statement. The present writer, availing himself of the freedom allowed in Protestantism, has attended Roman Catholic services twice during the last fifteen years. Those services were enjoyed, not because Roman Catholicism has more truth than Protestantism; not because any need was met there that Protestantism could not supply; but simply because of their real worth, which could not fail of recognition on the part of all unprejudiced persons, notwithstanding the errors of that faith. One was a Christmas service in Portland, Oregon, several years ago, at which service an archbishop gave a message as thoroughly spiritual and inspiring as ever fell from the lips of any preacher.

It is often asserted that the doctrine of a hell and of future punishment, especially eternal punishment, is not preached as it was some years ago. In order to get at the facts of the case; or rather, perhaps, to ascertain the belief of prominent ministers in different denominations, the Ram's Horn sent out recently the four following questions: "Do you believe in hell as a definite place of punishment for transgressors? Is there any escape for a soul once consigned to hell? What kind of punishment do you think the wicked will receive? Why are so few sermons on hell preached tolay?" The Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson of McCormick Theological Seminary expresses profound belief in hell as a definite state or condition of punishment for transgressors, saying in that connection: "If there is no hell, then up is down, and in is out, and white is black, and God is the devil." He finds that the whole trend of Scripture teaching is toward the fixedness of character after death. But he says: "God forbid that we should dogmatize of a subject of such infinite moment." Dr. Johnson believes that hell is not a dead level and that punishment will be graded according to light and guilt. He denies the allegation of few sermons on this subject, but explains what lack there is partly because of the swing from the gross materialistic modes of presenting the truth in the past; partly "because some are hugging the delusion of 'eternal hope,'" and still further, from the prevalence of "the spirit of reform which looks to outward remedies and changed conditions rather than spiritual revolution, and which would coddle criminals rather than punish them." Bishop Vincent writes that he finds no ray of hope for a sin-loving and impenitent soul. The Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, Baptist pastor in Boston, finds nothing in the Bible to warrant the belief that there is any escape for a soul once consigned to hell, and he declares that men who believe the Bible as a revelation from God must preach a hell or prove unfaithful to their trust. Dr. Hamlin, of the Church of the Covenant, Washington, says that it is madness to risk an uncertain future. Dr. McArthur, of the First Baptist church, New York, declares that a soul once lost is lost forever, and says that while there may be fewer sermons today on hell than formerly, there are few which do not deal with character and its relation to the future, and that the emphasis given the truth is as effective as any portrayal of the woes and torments of the lost. The Pacific closes now this brief resume of several of the replies to the questions propounded, by mention of the reported solemnity of the First Congregational church of Oakland, a few weeks ago, when the pastor ended a sermon with some words as to the certainty and finality of future punishment. One who was present said that it was plainly a solemn and impressive moment.

We hear frequently of the high estimate placed on The Pacific, as the representative of the Congregational church interests of this Coast. One of our Washington subscribers, who has believed in its indispensableness for the last two years, writes that the recent Washington number has made that more evident. The Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day, pastor of our First church at Los Angeles, wrote recently to the editor: "You are giving us a live paper. I wish that a copy went to each of our families." The Rev. Dr. L. H. Frary, pastor at Pomona, acknowledging recently a package for distribution, said: "I am backing The Pacific the best I know how. You are making the paper better and better." The treasurer of the Hawaiian Board of Missions wrote recently from Honolulu that the Island readers set "a high value upon it as a religious paper."

The Honolulu Friend states that Mrs. Mary E. Parker is the only survivor of the older missionaries who reached the Hawaiian Islands before 1837. She is 96 years old and has lived there for seventy years. She is quite feeble. The venerable Mrs. William Gulick is said to be in good health and strength at the age of 98. Mrs. Gulick is a sister of the late Mrs. Peter Gulick, who was the mother of many missionary sons.

The Methodist Church South has on this Coast what is called "Advocate Day." On that day the interests of the church paper are presented to the people. There is a determination on the part of the Methodist South people to maintain their paper. The new editor, the Rev. W. E. Vaughn, has improved it considerably since he took charge of it last September, and has added several hundred new names to the subscription list.

The Busy World

It is thought that San Francisco's population is at present very near the 400,000 figure, although the census figures of 1900 were only 342,000. Undoubtedly there has been a considerable increase, which, of course, only a census would give accurately. In the volume of business there has been a marked increase. The bank clearings amounted to $148,586,942 more in 1901 than in 1900. On the average there was fifteen per cent more business done every day during 1901 than during 1900.

The Rev. F. J. Culver, who has charge of the California transportation arrangements for the Pacific Coast Congress, writes that he is hoping to secure a rate even better than the one-half rate for all who may wish to attend; also a time limit that will make it possible for ministers and others to get their summer vacations out of this trip, with stop-over privileges on their return. Full information will be given ere long. The dates for the Congress, which is to be in Seattle, are July 10th to 15th.

Puget Sound papers find cause for gratulation in the Pacific Coast export figures for the seven months ending January 31, 1902. The value of Puget Sound exports was for that period only about four million dollars less than the value of those from San Francisco. The figures were $24,589,037 for San Francisco, and $20,500,004 for Puget Sound. The Puget Sound exports have increased 120 per cent during the last two years, and all in all, it is evident that the ambitious cities on that great inland sea are to figure prominently in the commerce that is to be built up speedily now with our trans-Pacific neighbors. The Post Intelligencer says that the most valuable and most gratifying feature of this trade expansion is in the volume of domestic products, in the freight which originates there; that it is this, and not that which merely passes over their docks from the railroad to the steamship, which makes up the most important commerce and gives most promise for the future.

In 1803 the United States gave France fifteen million dollars for the Louisiana country. The assessment of the real and personal property in the States carved out of that territory is now $3,500,000,000, and in a single year grain has been raised therein valued at $344,961,193. The United States would not be one of the greatest nations on the face of the earth and a world power if there had been no outreaching after territory, and the national domain had been allowed to extend no further than the Alleghanies. The States formed out of the Old Northwest Territory, and those carved out of the territory annexed after the beginning of the nineteenth century, are producing today 99 per cent. of the gold and silver and copper, 75 per cent of the iron, 75 of the cereals, 65 of the swine, 60 of the cattle and 75 per cent of the sheep. These annexations not only made possible a great and mighty nation on this continent, but it opened up the way for an influence in the Orient such as all now see that the nation is about to exercise, and which it could not exercise without that great expanse of country reaching from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

The oldest newspaper in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains is The Friend, published at Honolulu. It was established in 1843 by the Rev. Samuel C. Damon, who went to Honolulu in 1842 as chaplain for the seamen. The first number, published in January, 1843, was called the Temperance Advocate. With the second issue in February the name was changed to The Temperance Advocate and Seaman's Friend. Since 1845 the name has been The Friend. For nearly fifteen years the Rev. Dr. Sereno E. Bishop has been its editor. Now, at the age of seventy-five years, he surrenders that work to the Rev. John Leadingham, principal of the North Pacific Mission Institute, and the management to Mr. Theodore Richards, the treasurer of the Hawaiian Board, under the control of which Board the paper passed recently. It is the intention to make the paper serve in a far better way than ever before the interests of the churches in Hawaii. It is significant that the oldest paper west of the Rocky Mountains is a religious paper and that the oldest paper in this great State of California, rapidly moving toward a place of first importance among the States of the Union, is also a religious paper. The Pacific outranks in age all other papers published in this State.

A few months ago there originated in Dayton, Ohio, an organization known as "The Modern Bees," which has as its purpose the solving of some of the perplexing labor problems of the day. It already has in Dayton several hundred members, and an excellent feature of the organization is that it seeks its members among employes, employers and professional men. We quote from its statement of principles: "The foundation principle of the Modern Order of Bees is obedience to the Constitution of the United States, respect for the law as interpreted by the courts; loyalty to the flag of our country; reverence for the teachings of the Holy Bible. Uncompromising opposition to anarchy, whether the honest, industrious and independent workman or the Chief Magistrate be its victim. Safe regard for contract as being binding upon all honorable men. Condemnation of the boycott as un-American and unlawful, and almost without exception more injurious to the employe than to the employer. Opposition to compulsory methods, social ostracism, abuse of wife and child, to enforce unreasonable demands. Opposition to extravagant demands for dues, fines, and assessments in times of strikes for such who would rather strike than work. Condemnation of brutal assaults upon peaceable and industrious workmen." They express themselves as believing that "acquaintance, friendship, good-will and mutual concessions, rather than force, hatred, law-breaking and injury to business, are the influences which will correct wrongs, secure justice, successfully appeal to the unjust and oppressive employer, and in the end, promote the best interest of the man who labors, and the man who pays for the labor, while bearing the burden of care and responsibility incident to the prosecution of his business." A leading member of the order said recently: "We do not seek members; they seek us. The character, habits and record of every applicant is carefully investigated. He must be a true American, and, therefore, a man who obeys the law and respects the decisions of the courts. We are opposed to assaults upon fellow-workmen, to boycotts, to attempts to assume the control and management of the business of our employers. Knowing that the policy pursued by labor unions during recent years has been a disastrous failure to the workmen, but in many instances very beneficial to their officers, we are trying to find a better way of adjusting differences. Force, violation of the law, strikes, boycotts, attacking our own people for asserting their rights as American citizens, have not succeeded in Dayton or elsewhere, and never will. We want to try friendship, good-will, and if there are differences between us, talk them over kindly and in a spirit of mutual confidence and mutual interest. Our initiation fee is one dollar, and dues one dollar per annum. There are no assess-

ments or fines. Members are at liberty to attend as often as they please, and to withdraw when they want to. There is no compulsion in any form; every member is a free man. The organization is less than six months old, but 'Hives' are being instituted all over the country." This is decidedly the best movement looking toward the solution of the labor problems that has come to our notice. It is to be hoped that it will spread to the Pacific Coast.

The Message of the Bible to the Man of Business.

Frank A. Ferris in New York Observer.

It may not appear to you that the Bible is at all a Counting House Text Book. Clergymen, Sunday-school teachers and students now and then pass to their appointments with this volume in hand. but how many of you ever saw a business man take a deliberate shy at the Word of God to fortify his judgment, clarify his conscience, or help him decide whether to enlarge or modify his business operations? I once stood by, when a customer sarcastically referred to a Bible on the desk of a senior partner. "Yes," replied the merchant quietly, "without putting on any pious airs, we are trying to run our business in line with this Book." That closed the banter. Do you think the firm could do it, and was it worth while to try? "Business is business," many a business man would say, and stop there; but you go on to finish the phrase, "When you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do," for that is what he means. Does the Bible pretend, and has it any right, to direct the man of business as to the extent, purpose, methods and results of his commercial activity? If the Word is the one infallible rule of faith and practice, we find in its pages certain fixed principles laid down which propose to control our business operations.

For instance: (1) The Word of God holds every business man to "intense activity." Doing his best only is good enough to satisfy the ambition his Creator has for him. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Whatsoever ye do, work from the soul, as unto the Lord." "In diligence not slothful." "Be ambitious to do your own business, and to work with your hands." One of the leading manufacturers of New England, I am told, always sleeps with a dim light at his right hand. There lies also a pad and pencil. At any hour, sometimes in a dream, he recognizes a new opening for his business or an improvement to one of his many inventions, and at once he arouses himself to fasten it in black and white, lest with morning that inspiration may have flown. "Pshaw! I wouldn't keep myself in harness that way," you say. No? Then you won't be the leading manufacturer he is. His intensity is the cost he pays for success.

Of the successful men I have known all have developed the capacity to work, and generally have been enormous workers. I am sure God never planned the life of a lazy man. Such an one debauches his birthright. "The life worth living," says Theodore Roosevelt, "is the life of the man who works." Yet few men seem to give work at one's best at business a place in their thought as a high virtue in God's sight. But, so far as it goes, in this way may not one realize splendidly what his Maker desires of him? This Bible rule is universal. But the business man should be as intense in the hour when it is his duty to recreate as when his mission is to create.

(2) The Word of God holds every business man to strict truth and rectitude. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vapor driven to and fro. They are the snares of death." "He will not hear, for your lips have spoken lies." "Therefore, putting away falsehood, speak ye the truth one with his neighbor." "There shall in no wise enter it [the Heavenly City] he that maketh a lie." One of our prominent merchants, a man in mid-life, said to me the other day: "My mother was a Quaker. They don't talk overmuch, you know, but I recall over and over again as a little boy my mother taking me by the hand and saying soberly, 'T—, thee needn't say much, but thee must never say an untruth.'" So truth was ingrained into the boy's nature; it has been a habit of his life, and his word is as good as his bond. Many a time "on 'Change" I have seen reports given out by a prominent house on the probable course of the market, and have heard contemptuous comment, "You may copper that," i. e., "believe just the opposite."

"He that despiseth the gain of fraud shall dwell on high—his waters shall be sure." "That we might live unto righteousness." "For we take thought for things honorable, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men."

I overheard a knot of men laying asphalt walks discussing their employer. "Yes," sail one of them, "he is a great church man, and a pretty nice man, but he don't put tar enough in his walks." One summer I was traveling weekly to the regions of Cape Cod; my hand-bag gave out. I saw in the daily papers a page advertisement setting forth bargains; a specialty was made of all sorts, qualities and sizes of bags. Among others, high-priced bags were offered at a third of their reputed values. I went directly from the boat to this store, and found a large assortment of cheap goods on the counters. "But," said I to the young woman, "where are those $16 and $20 bags that are marked down?" "Oh, we have no such goods," she replied, "we have only cheap goods." "But here is the advertisement of your house." "Yes, I know, but we haven't any of that sort." Would the Bible "blue pencil" that "ad." until what was left told the exact truth?

"Oh, well," you may say, "that's 'drawing it too fine.' No one can be as strict as that. A man with such Puritanic notions will 'get left.' He can't do business." Hold fast there! Must every man be a liar and a cheat because some play fast and loose with truth and honesty? We are talking now about God's way. In the long run that must be the best way. To some of you what I have said thus far seems impractical and fussy. In that case, brace up just here, lest my next point take your breath clean away.

(3) The Word of God holds every business man to recognize and respect the interests of others. When all are thrown into the sea, one may not save his life by pushing the next man under. Every man's life and success are dear to him and dear to his Maker. It is an abomination in God's sight that one should climb to pre-eminence in fortune or fame by deliberately sacrificing others. The old saw, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," finds support in no proof-text between the two covers of the Bible. Don't miss the real point here. God-given differences exist in environment and productive power, and the Creator holds each to the best use of and the largest return from every human dynamo, but he restricts our methods to fair play and giving the other fellow a show. "Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him; but a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into the chariot of the sun."

To the Law and the Commandments: "And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said,

I know not: am I my brother's keeper? and He said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." "To turn aside the right of a man from before the fact of the Most High." "To subvert a man in his cause, the Lord approveth not." "Ye shall not oppress one another." "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity." "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "So then each one of us shall give account of himself to God." "For thus saith the Lord God: I will deal with thee as thou hast done." "Nor covetous nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God."

This is not the way of the business world today. If all commercial life started anew on this track tomorrow morning, that day would be marked by the greatest crash on record; but when the wreck was cleared away, what a beautiful world this would be to live in! Many establishments would shut up shop in irretrievable ruin; others would reduce their enormously bloated proportions; many would once more have a fair chance; but what a blessed readjustment it would be! There is now much of heaven's own earnestness, truth, rectitude and philanthropy in the business world, but alas! there is an awful and often a dominant infiltration of hell.

Now, we are facing these divine and eternal principles revealed to business men. God, without argument or apology, reserves for Himself the first word and the last. These are good enough to live by, and "after that the judgment." "Then there's no living chance for me to succeed if I am shut up to running earthly business on heavenly principles." Well, perhaps it is not necessary for you to become rich; but is there not a divine necessity that you should be intense, true, and truly good, a man after God's own heart?"

Early Influences in My Life.

By David James Burrell, D.D., in Lutheran Observer.

If asked what personality, aside from Christ, has impressed itself most deeply in my life and character as a minister, I must answer without a moment's hesitation, my mother. In earliest boyhood in our home among the mountains, I was given to understand that she intended me, please God, to be a minister. My father, who died long afterward in the faith of the Gospel, was at that time a disciple of Thomas Paine; so that the religious care and training of the eight children devolved upon her. Not a night passed when she did not kneel with us separately while we said our prayers, closing with "Now I lay me."

At college I lost all thought of the ministry. Unbelief was in the air and I absorbed it. To be a progressive thinker, abreast of the *Zeitgeist*, seemed to me incomparably better than to sit at anybody's feet. I went home with my diploma in my pocket and my plans for the study of the law. Mother met me at the gate: "My dear son," she said, "you'll soon be preaching the Gospel of Christ." No knife ever cut sharper than those words. I saw in that instant how wide a gulf had opened between me and her ambition for me. That night as I knelt by the old bedside the only prayer that would come to my lips was, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!" and that seemed to go no higher than the ceiling. The next morning I tried to tell mother about my plans; but how could I? She was the best mother in the world. All that day and the next I thought over the matter and tried to set myself right with God. It was no use; I seemed alone in my room; God was a myth and could not hear me.

Then I did a singular thing, as I look back upon it. I resolved to take a year at a theological seminary by way of experiment. I couldn't pray and didn't believe; but I would go ahead and see if there was anything in it. Meanwhile, I would keep my own counsel and, if the experiment led to no further light, I would abandon it. In pursuance of this purpose I went to a seminary where the teaching was understood to be "up-to-date." I imbibed it all, but couldn't pray. Again and again I returned from the class-room and fell on my knees, saying, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" Thus the year went by.

Then home again for vacation; and again the mother's blessing on my sacred choice. Dear heart, how could I tell her? The result was that I took another year in experimental theology; but this time at Union Seminary, where I hoped for light and comfort in the electric teaching of Dr. Henry B. Smith. But the year had scarcely begun when Dr. Smith was taken ill and his place supplied by that rigid advocate of orthodoxy, Dr. William G. T. Shedd. How he angered me! How he ruffled my liberalism! How contemptuous I was toward his lack of reverence for the *Zeitgeist!* At first I, like some of my classmates, asked questions; but, thinking him abrupt, I subsided into silence and resentfully sat out his old-fashioned lectures in the old-fashioned advocacy of such old-fashioned truths as God and Immortality and the Vicarious Atonement, the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and Heaven and Hell.

Well, somehow I struggled back to such a measure of faith as seemed to warrant my entering on the ministry, but only in a tentative way. I went into city missions, thinking to avoid theology and spend my energies along sociological lines. Five years I kept at it, nursing my dislike of orthodoxy and William G. T. Shedd. I was a great "liberal," as I remember myself, in those days.

Then came my first call, and with it clearer light. In the experience of pastoral visitation, directing the dying to the saving power of Christ as revealed only in the Scriptures, comforting the bereaved, seeking the lost, it was as if a curtain were drawn from before the sun. I gradually found myself falling into line and keeping step with Cowper's humble folk who "just know, and know no more, their Bibles true." The fear of being thought "behind the times" fell off like a tinsel garment worn at a masque; and a suspicion which I had long entertained grew into a deep conviction, that it is better to be right than progressive; or, to put it in the phrase of a popular humorist, "It is a great deal better to know a few things that are so than to know many things that are not so."

In the meanwhile, the Elect Lady in the old home, unaware of the struggle going on in her son's heart and conscience, was unceasingly praying for him. She still lives, bowed with the burden of ninety years, her eyes dim, memory failing, little but the hope of Heaven left her. She has never been told, never shall be. Let her find out, as one of the surprises of Heaven, how her prayers have held me up.

As I look back over the years of my ministry, I cannot doubt the divine guidance. There have been weary marches by day; but the pillar of cloud has gone before me. There have been nights of discouragement; but the pillar of fire has shone in the skies above. The truth, as revealed in the blessed Scriptures, is more precious than ever; and the work, from which I shrank so tremblingly at the outset, grows sweeter with every passing hour. I thank God most of all for the influence of his Spirit, guiding, sustaining, encouraging, enlightening, bringing Christ and his Gospel near; and next to that I thank him for the dear mother, in the power of whose prayers I have lived as in a heavenly atmosphere from my childhood to this day.

The Indeterminate Sentence and Parole Law.

THE WORKING OF IT IN INDIANA.

The indeterminate sentence and parole law went into effect in Indiana in 1897. Under the legislative act of that year the penitentiary at Jeffersonville became the Indiana Reformatory and the one at Michigan City the Indiana State Prison. The following valuable information as to the value of the indeterminate sentence, and the working of the Indiana law, has been given recently to the public through the newspapers of that State:

"Before the passage of this law all prisoners sentenced in counties north of a line running east and west through the center of the State, which line touched the southern border of Marion county, were sentenced to the Michigan City prison, and all south of this line were sentenced to Jeffersonville. This was done without regard to age, crime, or the number of times the prisoner may have been in prison. The result was that many a young boy who had committed his first offense was thrown into prison and put into the same cell with an old, experienced offender, and, after serving his term of one or two years with no attention being given to him while in prison, he was discharged a graduate in crime. The new law seeks to remedy just such cases as this by committing to the state prison all men who are over 30 years of age, and those who have been sentenced for life or treason and those who have served in prison more than one term. To the Indiana Reformatory are committed all persons under 30 years of age, except those who have a life sentence or are found guilty of treason. The management of the state prison and the reformatory, as soon as the laws were passed, in 1897, set out at once to adopt rules and provide for the better government of the prisoners in their charge, as contemplated by the new law. In the enforcement and operation of this new law, no man did more to accomplish the results that have made the operation of this law so satisfactory than the late Governor Mount of Indiana."

"The first reform that was introduced at these institutions was to abolish the lash, and in its stead well ventilated and warm cells were provided, where a prisoner is placed in solitary confinement, or on short diet, being compelled to stand at his cell door during working hours. This punishment lasts until the prisoner is willing and the management is satisfied that he will return to his work and give no further trouble. The average punishment of this kind is about 48 hours. Again, the change of clothing from the stripes to the cadet blue for the first-grade prisoner and a checkered cloth of a dark and gray check for the second grade, and the stripes for the third grade. The lock-step has also been abolished and instead prisoners are permitted to march in military style, two abreast. These three reforms, the abolishment of the lash, the striped clothing and the lock-step, have done more to improve the condition of the prisoner and make him feel like a man than anything that has been done.

"The indeterminate sentence law means that when a prisoner is sentenced to prison he goes for a minimum and a maximum term, which is determined by law in accordance with the offense committed. It may be from one to three years, one to fourteen, two to fourteen, or two to twenty-one years. On entering the prison the prisoner is permitted to enter the second grade; that is, his clothing will be of a checkered cloth. While in this grade he will be permitted to write one letter a month and receive one visit a month from a friend. At the end of three months, with perfect deportment in this grade, the prisoner will be advanced to the first grade and the clothing will be of the cadet blue.

"In this grade the prisoner is permitted to write two letters per month and receive two visits per month from his friends. For the breaking of any rule that has been adopted by the management, the prisoner may be reduced in grade; if reduced to the third grade, he will don the stripes, and while in this clothing will not be permitted to write letters nor receive visits from his friends, nor to read in his cell.

With the grading of the prisoner from the time he enters the institution, the management begins to study him, making a careful investigation as to his previous history while on the outside, and finding, if possible, if he has a criminal record. If he is illiterate he is taken to the schoolroom four evenings in the week and nine months in the year. There he is taught to read and write. He is permitted to attend Christian Endeavor meetings each Sunday morning and regular chapel service every Sunday afternoon; he is also permitted to have in his cell the best library books, papers and magazines. With such methods as these the authorities are enabled to study each prisoner, and at the end of his minimum sentence are able to judge as to the character and habits of the prisoner when he appears before the parole board asking for the parole.

When a prisoner has served one or two years in prison, as the case may be, and has complied with the rules, he is permitted to come before the parole board. The board first examines the statement made by the trial judge and prosecuting attorney; and then questions the prisoner as to his past record. If they find that he has served other sentences and that his past life has been spent in crime, his case will not be favorably considered by the board and he will be ordered to return to his work, not knowing just when he will again have another chance to be heard by the board. On the other hand, if the board finds that it is the prisoner's first offense, and that the judge and prosecutor who tried him are favorable to his parole, and the records and all evidence at hand go to show that the prisoner will again become a useful citizen, they will parole him. Employment must then be found for the prisoner, usually in the home of his own people if they are responsible; if not, the management will secure work for him in a factory or on a farm, the person giving the employment agreeing to pay reasonable wages for one year and to take friendly interest in the prisoner's welfare. He is also to see that the prisoner makes his reports to the warden or superintendent on the first of each month, for the previous month, stating in this report the number of days he has worked; if idle, for what reason; amount of money earned and amount expended, and for what; how many times he has been to church during the month and where; where his evenings have been spent; and how often he has been in a saloon during the month.

"This report must be signed by the paroled prisoner and approved by his employer. If this monthly report is not received by the warden or superintendent promptly, investigation is at once started to find why the report has not been received. If, after investigation, it is found that the prisoner has violated his parole, he is at once returned to prison without trial and without cost to the county to which he has been paroled, and compelled to serve out his maximum sentence. During the operation of this law at the Indiana state prison from April 1, 1897, to October 31, 1901, there have been 426 prisoners paroled, of which number five have been revoked and fourteen are waiting employment; 154 have been finally discharged; the maximum sentence of 39 has

expired; there have been 9 prisoners returned and discharged; there have been 16 returned and still in the institution; there were three paroled a second time; 26 who are delinquent; seven have died; 1 insane; and 152 still reporting. This showing, as compared with other institutions, is remarkable, being a fraction over ten per cent of the prisoners paroled that have violated the confidence placed in them by the management. The men who are out on parole are earning all the way from $5 to $40 per month and their board, and in many cases are caring for their families, that would otherwise be a public charge upon the township where they live had the prisoner been kept in confinement.

"The parole law of Indiana is no longer an experiment, the results obtained from it more than meet the approval of its friends. There is now a way open whereby the habitual criminal can be driven from the state or retained behind the bars where he can no longer prey upon society. At the same time, the unfortunate person who, temporarily crazed by intoxication or laboring under some temporary derangement, commits his first crime, can be saved. The principle of the parole law is in accord with the advanced thought of the day, which believes that there comes a time in the history of those incarcerated in prison when they can be reformed and placed on the road to good citizenship."

Ti-To and the Boxers.

Luella Miner in the Ram's Horn.

[A true story of a young Christian's almost miraculous escape from death.]

It was late in May when we last saw Ti-to's father. He was attending the annual meeting of the North China Mission at Tungchou near Pekin, when word came that Boxers were tearing up the railway between Pekin and Pao-ting-fu. For twelve years he had been the pastor of the Congregational church in Pao-ting-fu, having been the first Chinese pastor ordained in North China. There his duty lay, and where duty lay there faithful Pastor Meng would be found in this time of danger. So without waiting for the end of the meetings, he hastened to the assistance of the little band of missionaries, Mr. Pitkin, Miss Morrill and Miss Gould. One letter reached us from Pao-ting-fu, written after his arrival there; then clouds of darkness settled over all North China, and not until the Allies reached Pekin on the 14th of August did we know the fate of our friends in Pao-ting-fu, a hundred and twenty miles away.

During the month of June dangers thickened about the devoted band of missionaries and Christian Chinese who lived in the mission compound not far from the city wall of Pao-ting-fu. There was no mother in Pastor Meng's home to comfort the hearts of the five children living face to face with death. An invalid for many years, she had entered into rest a few months before the Boxers set up their altars in Pao-ting-fu. But thirteen-year-old Ti-to, the hero of our story, was as brave a lad as ever cheered the hearts of little brothers and sisters. Straight as an arrow, his fine-cut, delicate face flushed with pink, with firm, manly mouth and eyes that showed both strength and gentleness, Ti-to was a boy to win all hearts at sight. Mischievous, bright-eyed Peter was only a little younger, while a nine-year-old sister and six-year-old Joseph and baby Grace completed the family circle.

By the 27th of June it was plain that all who remained in that compound were doomed to fall victims to Boxer hate. For the Chinese escape was still possible, but for the three Americans there was no place of concealment. Pastor Meng called his oldest boy to his side, and said: "Ti-to, I have asked my friend, Mr. Tien, to take you with him and try to find some place of refuge from the Boxers. I cannot forsake my missionary friends and the Christians who have no one else to depend upon, but I want you to try to escape."

"Father," said the boy, "I want to stay here with you; I am not afraid to die."

"No," the father replied. "If we are all killed, who will preach Jesus to these poor people?"

So before the next day dawned Ti-to said good-bye to his noble father and the little brothers and sisters, and started with Mr. Tien on his wanderings. Little did he dream that sad morning how soon the blow would fall. That same afternoon Pastor Meng was in the chapel on one of the great streets of the city trying to get some of the church property stored in a place of safety, when a company of Boxers suddenly burst into the room and seized him. A Christian Chinese who was with him escaped over the back wall, and took the sad tidings to his friends. The Boxers dragged Pastor Meng to a temple, and there, having learned that his oldest son had fled, they tortured him to make him tell Ti-to's hiding place, scorching his shoulders with lighted candles. But the secret was not revealed. If the walls of that temple could speak, perhaps they would tell us what words this martyr spoke that night as he lay with his life ebbing away, his tormentors trying in every way to coax from him statements which they could turn into accusations against the missionaries and the Chinese Christians. In the early morning scores of Boxer knives slowly stabbed him to death, and the face of the Master smiled upon this brave soul, "faithful unto death."

Three days later, a bright Sabbath morning, there joined him in that happy home four of his children, his only sister and her two children and the three missionary friends for whom he had laid down his life. Little Peter was thrown into the flames of his burning home by the Boxers. Three times he ran out, kneeling at the feet of these fiends incarnate and pleading for mercy, and three times they flung him back into the flames again.

But what of the brother who had left home four days before? Determined that not one member of the family should be left, the Boxers searched for him in all directions, one party going on the railway the day he left, to Ting-chou, fifty-three miles to the southwest. But Mr. Tien had taken Ti-to to the home of a relative only a few miles from Pao-ting-fu, and they escaped detection. This relative feared to harbor them more than two or three days, so they turned their faces northward, where a low range of Sierra-like mountains was outlined against the blue sky. Seventeen miles from Pao-ting-fu, and not far from the home of an uncle of Mr. Tien's, they found a little cave in the mountainside, not high enough to allow them to stand upright. Here they crouched for twenty days. The uncle took them a little food but to get water they were obliged to go three miles to a mountain village, stealing up to a well under cover of darkness. In that dark cave hunger and thirst were their constant companions, and the howling of wolves at night made their mountain solitude fearsome.

Ti-to had lived five days in this retreat when word was brought to him that father, brothers, sisters, his aunt, his cousins and all of the missionaries belonging to three missions in Pao-ting-fu had been cruelly massacred, and that churches, schools, homes, were all masses of charred ruins. Oh, little lad in that lonely, grewsome

cave, hungry, thirsty, hunted like a wild beast, what wonderful trust in the Heavenly Father kept you from giving way to despair?

After twenty days of cave life, Mr. Tien's uncle sent them warning that Boxers were on their track, and they must leave their mountain refuge immediately. Then began long, weary wanderings toward the southwest over mountain roads, their plan being to go into Shansi. When they had traveled about a hundred and twenty miles they were robbed of every cent they possessed. They were advancing into a famine-stricken region, into that province whose soil was already stained with the blood of scores of missionaries and hundreds of native Christians. "We might better turn back," they reasoned, "and die with our own people. Let us go about the towns and villages where Christians lived, and see if any of them have escaped." Retracing their steps and going to some villages where there had once been chapels, schools and happy Christian homes, they found only deserted ruins. A few Christians had been protected by influential heathen relatives, and by paying a heavy fine to the Boxers had saved their property from destruction. But even these did not dare shelter our fugitives long, and dangers awaited them on every side. One day in their wanderings they had just passed the village of Chang-Ma, about sixteen miles south of Pao-ting-fu, when a band of Boxers, some armed with rifles, some brandishing great swords, rushed after them shouting, "Kill! kill! kill the Secondary Foreign Devils!"

Escape was impossible. Before this howling horde had overtaken them, a man who was standing near them asked Ti-to, "Are you a Christian?"

"Yes," the boy replied; "My father and mother were Christians, and from a little child I have believed in Jesus."

"Don't be afraid," the stranger said, "I'll protect you."

Then the Boxers closed about them. Mr. Tien was securely bound, hand and foot. Ti-to was led by his queue, and soon they were back by the Boxer altar in the village. How many victims had already been slain by that altar? Were those hideous knives already stained with the blood of fellow-Christians? When those knives were first waved in his face, and those blood-thirsty shouts first rang in his ears, a thrill of fear chilled Ti-to's heart, but it passed as quickly as it came, and as he was dragged toward the altar it seemed as if some soft, low voice kept singing in his ear the hymn, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord," and all fear vanished.

When they commenced to bind Mr. Tien to the altar he spoke no word for himself, but pleaded most earnestly for the little charge committed to his care, telling how all his relatives had been murdered, and begging them to spare his life. Perhaps it was those earnest, unselfish words; perhaps it was the boy's careless mien and winsome face that moved the crowd, for one of the village Boxers stepped forward, saying:

"I adopt this boy as my son. Let no one touch him. I stand security for his good behavior."

Twenty of his neighbors, though themselves Boxers, joined him in this guarantee. So Ti-to was snatched back, as it were, from the very jaws of death. And his noble friend, Mr. Tien, saved himself in saving the boy, for the Boxers released him, bidding him fly immediately, as they could not protect him from other bands.

Ti-to's deliverer was one of three bachelor brothers, all notorious bullies, the terror of the region. But it was evident that Mr. Chang's heart was completely won by the boy. For three months he kept him in his home, tenderly providing for every want. Such was the terror which Mr. Chang inspired in the village that not even a child dared ask Ti-to whether he belonged to the hated Christian sect. Let Ti-to tell the story of those days in his own words:

"Of course, I could not pray openly. But sometimes, when my adopted father was away with other Boxers on their raids, I would shut the door tight and kneel in prayer. Then every evening when the sun went down, I would turn my face toward the west, and in my heart repeat the hymn:

> "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
> The darkness-deepens, Lord with me abide.
> When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.
> I have no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
> Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness."

But finally my adopted father noticed this, and asked: "What do you mean by turning your face toward the sunset every night?" And after this I didn't dare to do it any more.

Mr. Chang was in Pao-ting-fu when my father was killed, and told me how they stabbed and tortured him. I supposed that my uncle and his wife, who had gone to Tungchou, had been killed too, and all the missionaries in China. But I knew that the people in America would send out some missionaries, and I thought how happy I would be sometime in the future when I could go into a chapel again and hear them preach."

But Ti-to had not long to wait for his day of joy. In October expeditions of British, German, French and Italian soldiers from Pekin and Tientsin arrived at Pao-ting-fu, and the Boxer hordes scattered at their coming. With the Tientsin expedition marched the younger Pastor Meng, who had started back from Tungchou with his family after mission meeting, but only reached Tientsin in time to share the terrors of the siege there, then to wait through the long months until this expedition started. When he reached Pao-ting-fu he heard from Mr. Tien, who had returned from his wanderings, the story of Ti-to, and rejoiced that one dear one had escaped from that fearful slaughter. Soon to the brave boy in the Boxer's home came the glad tidings that his uncle was still living and had sent for him to come to Pao-ting-fu. Mr. Chang loved the boy so deeply that he could but rejoice with him, sad though he felt at the thought of parting with him. Fearful of some treachery or of harm coming to Ti-to he went with him to Pao-ting-fu, then returned to the village home from which the sunshine had departed.

Last winter and spring Ti-to studied in the Congregational Academy in Pekin. "I am not sad or lonely," he said. "How could I have thought a few months ago that I would so soon be with dear missionary friends, that I would have a chance to study, that I could go to church every Sunday with hundreds of God's people who had escaped from the Boxers. God has been very, very good to me."

Ti-to is now studying in Japan. Surely for this boy, so wonderfully preserved amid dangers seen and unseen, with the memory of his father's parting words, "If we are all killed, who will preach Jesus to these poor people," God has some work to do. Consecrated by his father's martyrdom, kept by the power of prayer, we shall watch with interest the unfolding of this beautiful life.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Saul of Tarsus Converted. (Acts ix: 1–12.)

Lesson I. April 6, 1902.

A very fitting as well as necessary introduction to this lesson is a study of the life of the great Apostle up to the present episode in his career. Indeed, it may be seriously doubted whether for young or old, the entire time devoted to the lesson could be better spent than in such a study, with the thrilling events connected with his conversion as the climax. It would be a temptation to the writer to follow this plan here were it not that the Apostle's biography has been dealt with by masterly hands, whose work is easily accessible to most teachers. The works of Dr. Farrar ("Life and Work of St. Paul"), W. M. Ramsay ("St. Paul, the Traveler"), J. Stalker ("Life of St. Paul"), Connybeare and Howson ("Life and Epistles of St. Paul"), give masterly descriptions of the "young man Saul." Perhaps as fine as any is G. C. Findlay's article, "Paul, the Apostle," in the third volume of Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible. Turning from this attractive line, we draw a lesson or two from the passage itself.

I. Steps to Conversion.

All of Saul's life leads up to this event, so that we can see how directly God's hand was in it, and how unconscious Saul was of any such leading. But the time was at hand, and preparatory events thicken. His disputes with Stephen were starting-points. How doubly insipid the life under the law must have become to this man who had insight enough to see that the law could bring no righteousness to the soul striving after it. Stephen's martyrdom served to send this man forth in a bloodthirsty attempt to make more martyrs. Not content with persecuting Christians in Jerusalem, he prepares to arrest them at Damascus and bring them to Jerusalem before the Sanhedrin, which body alone had any authority to condemn to death. Damascus was about five days' journey from Jerusalem, and some persons have thought that Saul's mind was undergoing a change as he traveled, certain misgivings as to his conduct and relentings in purpose getting possession of him. But there is no warrant for such assertions in his own narrative. As he drew near to Damascus he was "yet breathing threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," and no wonder, for he was acting from conscientious motives, believing that he was doing God a great service in his work of extermination. No, he was possessed of a frenzy for annihilating those "that were of the Way," and the probabilities are that he was exulting in the consternation which his authorized appearance in Damascus would spread among the Christians. So we may see two very distinct things in these steps—one is Paul's purpose not to become a Christian, and God's purpose to make him one, and the steps he adopted for carrying his determination to permanency were the very steps God adopted for his ends.

II. The Conversion.

Bearing in mind what this conversion meant to Paul, to the understanding and spread of Christianity, and to the knowledge of Jesus as a Savior, the most searching light of our minds should be turned upon the circumstances. We can group them under two heads: (1) Those on God's side. Primarily, there was an outflashing of light, not the narrow, zigzag light line of the electric spark leaping from cloud to cloud through a vacuum, but a great overwhelming brightness, clear and steady. It was to the midday Oriental sunlight what our most recent light for taking pictures at night is to the blaze of the electric lights used to illumine the room. They are *dark for the moment*, in comparison with it. Our minds, like Paul's, are lifted up to the heavens by that light. It was "glory," let down for a moment from the place where it is confined—the glory of the Sun of Righteousness; for God is a Sun, and heaven is where that Sun shines in its strength. The very first process in the conversion of a darkened soul must be the fiat issued long ago to the rayless universe: "Let there be light." So God came to the universe; so he came to Moses, so to the shepherds, so to Paul, and so to every soul in some way, for "he is the Light, which lighteth every man coming into the world." Following this came the sound. To those journeying with him, it was only such, but to this persecutor it was intelligible Hebrew phraseology, carrying at once conviction, "Why persecutest," and centering Paul's thought instantly where most needed, on the personality in the midst of the glory—"Me.' In a great light suddenly flashed over us, confusion stalks through every recess of mind and soul, bewildering every faculty. If attention is to be captured there must be some strong central leading at the moment which gathers it, as a lens the scattered rays, to a rapid focus. Paul's deeds and thoughts were led through that voice irresistibly to the focal point. He had not been dealing in generalities, nor killing individuals. He had dealt with the Nazarene, and was re-slaying the Crucified. In the twinkling of an eye, every one of the persecutions found its terminal point in one Person. "Why persecutest thou ME?" Thus naturally, amid all this which may properly be termed the supernatural, Paul's soul is led to see the vision. We must not shade this off, for it is the key to the whole. While it is not distinctly stated in this narrative, it is distinctly inferred that he *saw* Jesus. Ananias could have no meaning in his words: "The Lord, even Jesus, *who appeared unto thee* in the way which thou camest," unless Paul had looked upon that "Me," and had recognized what Stephen saw in his dying vision. And Paul refers to this in his letter to the church at Corinth (I Cor. xv: 8). That vision was the supreme revelation of Jesus Christ to Paul.

(2) Turn now to Paul's side. There was first an honest inquiry, "Who are thou, Lord?" Was it the first time he had asked that question? Surely not, if we consider the man, his disputings with Stephen, his deliberate line of action, carried out conscientiously. Paul saw that the struggle precipitated by the doctrine of the Apostles was one of life or death to Judaism, which he considered the religion of God, *all of it*. That was his great error. In his zeal to prove that Judaism was *all* that God had given, he met that question which Jesus put to the Apostles, "Whom say ye that I am?" and answered it. He concluded that Jesus was only the crucified carpenter of Nazareth. But as often as he may have asked that question, he never before asked it of Jesus himself! He did so now, directly, honestly. How many Sauls are there in this respect at present?

Following this came the convincement. Here is, to me, the highest proof, if any be needed beyond those already mentioned, that Paul saw Jesus in that moment. The whole argument of Jesus' Messiahship turned on the resurrection. The Apostle's witness was to this, and we can scarcely suppose that any other point held a place in Paul's mind, comparable in importance to this. He was as keenly alive to the fact that the resurrection was the keystone to the entire system of Christianity as are modern skeptics. He scouted the whole thing, and intrenched himself in a stronghold, unassailable, he

thought, when in a flash, HE SAW, and recognized the Jesus whom me had been persecuting. It was the risen Lord! Then came the final step. He obeyed the heavenly vision. The question, "What wilt thou have me to do?" is not simply indicative of submission; it points to a deep verity in Paul's life, and answers the natural question, How could the yielding have been so sudden and complete. The fact is that Paul was a conscientious man. His early training, his later experiences, his daily life were an emphasis of his heart's motive. He honestly intended to do God's will. If we have traced anything in his career it has been this thread, from the first knowledge of him. When, therefore, he recognized Jesus in that vision as the risen Lord, and heard that voice, it came to him as our Lord once replied to an inquiry among the Jews, "This is the will of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent," and with that, there was nothing else that he wanted to do. Hence he asks, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And in that question the world, life, death, and heaven, changed aspects to Paul. From this view-point we can understand the horror that took possession of his mind, because he had been guilty of violating the divine will.

We can now go with him in the declaration that he was the "chief of sinners," because he had been a "blasphemer, and a persecutor and injurious," the latter indicating the utter despising in which he had held Jesus. We can see why, henceforth, Jesus was the Son of God to him—he had seen him, risen, exalted, glorified. We know the depths of the word "Savior" on Paul's lips now. It was God's mercy that saved him from ruin by disclosing Jesus to him.

Some Added Thoughts.

1. There is a vast difference between the conversion of a moral man and a wicked sinner. The latter is a turning from sin to holiness, from wrong choices to right; the former is a turning from one belief to another.

2. There is a common ground where the moral and immoral man meet in conversion, a new relation to God in Christ.

3. Conversion is a dual process, God's part, man's part, and it is incomplete without both agencies actively engaged.

4. Conversion is at once sudden and prolonged. There is a long preparation underground, but a sudden explosion in a volcanic eruption.

5. The test of conversion is prayer. When any one asks God from his heart's center, "What wilt thou have me to do?" there is no doubt as to his conversion.

6. To every man his work—Paul an apostle to the Gentiles, Ananias a trembling messenger to start the great apostle.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Growing in Grace. (II Pet. iii: 17, 18; I Pet. ii: 1, 2; Eph. iv: 12-15.)

Topic for April 6, 1902:

Conversion—and what then? What a pity that the impression is so fatally fixed upon us that conversion is an end rather than an important step to something vastly higher. I have seen parents who have said, "Well, thank God, my children are all converted and members of the church!" and then they have settled down as if that were about all there was to be done by them or for them. Whether it is the result of our ancient battles over theological points, or our misconception of the emphasis in the Scriptures, or the methods we have pursued to secure conversions, it may not be easy to decide; but the fact remains that, for some reason, we have it in our minds that conversion is the great objective point toward which all religious thought and effort should be given.

* * *

This is a fearful mistake. As well might a prince, on his way to be crowned king of the realm, keep in his mind his taking the train or going aboard ship as the chief matter before him. His embarkation is important only because of that to which it leads. If he is not crowned, if he does not come to rule the kingdom and take his people along ways of prosperity and peace, he would better not start. It is precisely the same in the Christian life. It were better not to start—not to be converted—than to forget or fail to have in mind that we take this step called conversion in order that we may attain "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." The inspiring, absorbing thought to be kept in mind all along the way is that character, that development and position to which God intends to carry us. Why is it, then, that we are so inclined to walk backwards. We pass the conversion point and turn around and face it. People who have been in the church forty years seem to dwell chiefly upon the time when they were converted. They have the day, the hour, the circumstances and the experiences which immediately followed, so constantly in mind that they never tire talking about it. That may all be very well, if it is only our memory of a beginning which has increased and brightened and become so important that our backs are towards the past and we are so busy climbing up the heights towards which God beckons and urges us, that these initials are the small things of a life that has grown richer and grander all the way. Blessed is the Christian who has grown so far away from the swaddling clothes of his Christian infancy that the glory of that babyhood does not threaten the urgency of the present or the brightness of the future.

* * *

But sometimes we puzzle ourselves too much over this matter of growth. We read this verse in II Peter as if it were a command like an order to blow a trumpet or put on a coat. We speak of growing or not growing as if it were a matter entirely in our own hands. This is not true. We have nothing to do directly with our growth. To continue life and expand life and bring life to its completion is as entirely in the hands of God as is the begininng of life. The man over yonder with that lily bulb can never make it grow. God has put within that bulb the element of growth. With the right conditions that lily will grow—must grow. All the florist can do is to place the plant in the right conditions. If God has planted in your soul the Christian life, that life has the feature of expansion and development. You cannot prevent it from growing in grace unless you deny that life the opportunities and conditions favorable to growth. The real question, if you have reason to ask it at all, is not, "How can I make myself grow?" but, "Am I so living as in any way to prevent the growth, the power of which God has planted in my soul?"

* * *

This simplifies matters very much. We cannot prevent growth if we give ourselves the right conditions. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed upon the earth; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how. The earth beareth fruit of itself; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear" (Mark

iv: 26-28). If that mother had to make her babe grow, it would be a puzzling, discouraging responsibility. But now she keeps him warm, cleansed and nourished, and while she is doing the things she finds pleasure in performing, the muscles lengthen, the brain enlarges, the eyes brighten, the mind develops, and her boy grows.

* * *

So there is no mystery about our part in growing in grace. It is a perfectly simple proposition. If you throw excuses to the winds and set yourself to become acquainted with the ways and wishes of God and make it your business to practice what you learn, you will grow as surely as any child that begins in good health and has the proper care. That, too, we ought not to forget, is our first business. It is a mistake made by many active Christians, that they are so absorbed in doing church work that they have too little time to attend to the conditions of their own growth. They need "The Quiet Hour." If they would take more time to study the ways of God and apply them to their own habits of thought and conduct, they would grow in later as well as in early life.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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The Story of "Mme. Tsilka."

LONDON EXPRESS.

Many people in England and America are wondering who is the companion of Miss Stone in captivity and peril. The name of Madame Tsilka has become familiar enough, but details of her life and character are not generally known. Though married to a Bulgarian, she is a Macedonian by birth. Her maiden name was Katerina Demetrova Stephanova. Her father was a priest of the Orthodox Greek Church in the village of Bansko, Macedonia.

The childhood of little Katerina included some romantic experiences, and her life has been one of strange and exciting episodes in quick succession. Mme. Tsilka might write a very sensational biographical record. Her father was not a priest of the commonplace, ignorant, superstitious order.

Early in life his little daughter felt the passion for knowledge stirred within her soul. In the next village was a school whose teacher had been trained in an American mission. Of this school little Katerina Stephanova had often heard. She wished to learn, but her father did not dare to apply himself for his child's admission. He knew what trouble there would be in store for him were he to take any such step. Not only were all the converts of the mission despised by the members of the Orthodox Greek communion, but parents were strictly forbidden to send their children to any schools connected in any way with those foreign religious institutions.

One day Katerina found her way to the school, whose teacher was known to be one of the students from the mission college. But the poor child was afraid to go in. She stood outside, longing to enter, but unable to overcome her natural hesitation. The superintendent, being told that a strange little girl was standing outside, came out to her and affectionately invited her in. The girl said afterward, "It seemed like heaven in that school; everybody was kind and loving." The end of the session came all too soon. But at the end of the day she dared not confess what she had done.

She was afraid to let her parents know which school she had attenled. Without saying a word she quietly went the next morning to the place she had enjoyed so much. When at length she acknowledged the step she had taken the priest and his wife were terribly alarmed. They stringently prohibited her future attendance. But the perplexed parents at once discovered that they had to encounter in their child a will stronger than their own. Though only eight years of age, she declared, "If I cannot go to that school I will die." They did not know what to do with her. She refused to rise, would not eat, and for two days would not touch a morsel of food. The priest knew that he had himself awakened in his little daughter's mind the thirst for learning, and at last gave way.

A much more serious test a few years later proved the striking independence of this extraordinary Macedonian girl's mind. She quietly and happily studied on for five years, and then, at the age of thirteen, her father arranged for her marriage. She herself, of course, was not in any way consulted. It never occurred to the parental mind that she would again assert her individuality of character, especially in relation to such a matter as this. But they experienced a strange awakening. The bridegroom was selected. All seemed to be smooth and regular. The elaborate arrangement for the marriage ceremony had been completed. But to the amazement of all parties the bride disappeared. She bravely declared that whenever she might be married it would be to a husband of her own choice. Fortunately for her, her teachers had won the respect and confidence of her parents, and therefore they were ready to listen when the kind instructors came to reinforce her by pleading her cause, revolutionary though her conduct was in the community.

After this the clever Balkan maiden went straight on to cut out for herself a noble career. She graduated with high honors at the American College at Samokov, but was not yet satisfied, feeling that she was not yet qualified for the work she desired to do. With indomitable enterprise of spirit she set out all alone for America. She soon found warm friends. The late Dwight L. Moody received her cordially at his famous Northfield College, Massachusetts, and gave her a valuable two years' course. Then she went back to New York and studied kindergarten methods. But all the time her mind ran on her homeland and her compatriots.

She reflected on their absolute destitution of real medical skill. She knew in all that radius of thirty Macedonian villages there was not one qualified physician, nor even a skilled nurse. Determined to equip herself with the necessary diploma, the indomitable girl passed through the school for nurses at the New York Presbyterian Hospital. She then for a time supported herself by practising her profession, until she had saved money enough to pay her passage back to Turkey.

But then came a trying delay, just as her plans were complete. When ready to sail she was called to attend to a dear friend who was sick in the Adirondacks. With

characterestic unselfishness she responded, and she received an unexpected reward. Another romance of the young lady's life ensued. She met in the Adirondacks a young Macedonian gentleman, M. Tsilka, who had been one of her little friends and fellow-students as a boy. He had come over to America for study also. In a very short time the two were married, and thus Katerina at last carried out the purpose she had announced to her friends, never to marry but by her own will.

M. and Mme. Tsilka returned to Turkey in 1900, during the summer. They settled at Kortcha, in Albania, in a field of work entirely of their own choice, teaching, preaching, and healing the sick where no missionaries had ever labored before.

Thus those missionaries in their devotion and self-sacrifice win their way with all classes, high and low. From her work at Kortcha madame went, at the invitation of her old and beloved friend, Miss Stone, to join her on a tour. The two were taken into that captivity which caused so much solicitude for many months.

Church News.

Northern California.

Green Valley.—Rev. Walter Frear was with us over Sunday, March 23d, giving us two excellent and inspiring addresses upon missionary subjects. An offering, amounting to $21.55, was taken in the morning for Foreign Missions. Our Missionary zeal was kindled anew and our faith strengthened by the vision that came to us of the great world movement—the great Church of Christ at work in the world—for the evangelization of the nations of the earth.

Auburn.—At our communion service last Sunday four were received into the church, making six since the first of the year—four on confession. We used our individual communion set for the first time and found it very satisfactory. April 1st the pastor will enter upon a six months' leave of absence. After accompanying his family to Oregon, he will depart for the East and will spend about four months in Europe. No arrangement has yet been made for supplying the pulpit during his absence.

Santa Cruz.—This week has been a very happy one for our people. Our pastor's wife, Mrs. J. R. Knodell, has returned to us with the promise of fully restored health. She holds a very large place in our hearts. We thank God for his goodness. On Sunday the rare privilege of hearing Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Broad was ours. Wonderfully has God endowed them. Following their addresses, in answer to an earnest appeal made by our pastor, an offering of $108 was given for Home Missions. God bless and keep Mr. and Mrs. Broad as they labor for him. In view of all these facts, do you wonder at my first statement?

Lincoln.—March 16th was a happy day for the Lincoln church, as there were seven accessions to the membership, two by letter and five on confession, two of whom were also baptized. The presence of the Spirit was very manifest, and there were several other young converts that ought to have been received but were not encouraged to do so by the parents. There are others who expect to join soon. The prayer-meetings and Endeavor meetings are imbued with the spirit of revival and the young converts are very earnest and industrious in the Lord's service.

Southern California.

Santa Barbara.—Rev. C. P. Dorland of East Los Angeles preached Sunday, March 16th, by exchange with Pastor Forbes, whose resignation does not take effect till May.

Los Angeles, Pico Heights.—The present church building has been moved to the location newly purchased and is to be incorporated in the new building to be erected there.

Los Angeles, First.—A series of meetings, to continue until Easter, began March 16th. The pastors conduct the services. The excavation for the foundation of the new house of worship is nearly completed.

Claremont.—The Women's Union of this church gave its Annual Home Missionary reception, Friday, March 14th. Dr. Pond of San Francisco spoke in behalf of California Chinese Mission work. A collection was made of over $20.

San Jacinto.—Prof. E. C. Norton of Pomona College lately preached most acceptably to the church and spent several days in the valley in the interest of the college. Several of the young people of the congregation are looking toward attendance at the college.

Perris.—The pastor of the Perris church, G. F. Mathes, begins his fourth year with this church, under very favorable conditions. All departments of church activity are in good working order. Recently five Sundays were devoted to the cause of Home Missions. The result was the largest Home Missionary offering of the present pastorate.

Pomona.—The Men's Sunday Evening Club celebrated its seventh anniversary Sunday evening, March 16th. Pastor Frary gave high commendation to the society for its helpfulness in promoting the attractiveness and usefulness of the Sunday evening service. Rev. Henry Kingman of Claremont addressed the club on "The Demand for Moral Earnestness."

Sherman.—Evangelist C. S. Billings has been helping Pastor Cash at Sherman the past two weeks, holding special services. The results are good: Christians were quickened, and quite a number of young people have taken a stand for Christ. Mr. Billings' way of presenting the truth and his "chalk talks" make the gospel plain and especially attractive to young people. The work at Sherman is prospering.

Paso Robles.—The third Sunday in March and the Monday following were glad days with the Congregational forces at Paso Robles. This church, organized in April, 1894, dedicated one of the neatest and most commodious houses of worship to be found on the Coast. It has been a hard struggle, but a house of worship, costing $2,329, with its furnishings, stands now free from debt. "The end crowns the work." On Sunday, March 16th, Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., President of the Pacific Theological Seminary, preached in the morning to a large audience, the Sunday-school being addressed by Supt. Case of Los Angeles. In the evening an illustrated lecture on "God's Temple" was given to a full house by the Coast Secretary of the Building Society, and an offering made to this work. On Monday evening, two years after the death of Rev. S. D. Bell, dedicatory services were held, the sermon being by President McLean. Previous thereto Superintendent Maile of Southern California voiced the congratulations of Congregationalists, and Pastor Reid followed his statement of finance with a request for $250, with which to buy car-

pet and pews. The amount was pledged, and so a handsome new edifice, together with subscriptions, was dedicated to the Lord. Altogether the occasion was a happy one, and the outlook is certainly as promising as the most enthusiastic could wish. *H. H. W.*

The North to the South.

Northern California sends congratulations to the brethren in the southern part of the State over the coming of Rev. and Mrs. L. P. Broad. Their visit and work with us have been an inspiration from beginning to end. We hope we have not imposed upon their good nature, but the amount of work they have done for us in visiting and speaking would make many of our ministers tired to think of. Fresh from Kansas and its brave struggle for self-support, Mr. Broad has kindled anew the fire of determination to support our own work and to help in the larger work of the nation. May he also, brethren in the south, stir your minds to effort in the same direction.

Mrs. Broad is unequalled in her chosen work. Simple, unaffected, natural, she speaks from the heart to the heart. Be sure to have her tell about that "woodchuck." We frankly admit that we have been selfish in keeping them so long, and honestly say that we would have kept them still longer if we could. When they have been with your churches a month you will feel as we do.

J. K. H.

Stand by the Pacific.

Editor The Pacific: No! emphatically, no! "It is not right." For weeks I have felt that I must rise and speak. But extra household duties, together with the care of the loved one sick, have prevented. Yet, the sickness has given us more hours together, in which to talks things over, than we have had in all the twenty-five years past, so busily engaged have we been in writing and scurrying and raking and scraping for home missions on this coast, and we have come to the conclusion that it is time to look the Pacific right in the face and say what we think ought to be done, and do our part of it. We have even gone so far as to say that the paper ought to be placed in our church lists for regular benevolences, until it rests upon a permanent paying basis.

It has an able and manly editor. The editorials show us that. Its selections are beautiful. I always begin to read on the first cover page, and often say, "The selection there is worth the price of the paper." The Sunday-school lesson notes are among the best. The acorns are always sweet. Bystander—well, he gives us the opposite side, and it is well to look on both sides. The reading for the children—no mother can object to it. No paper coming to our home is read with greater interest.

Now, what is to hinder a generous support of such a paper? For more than a thousand miles along this Coast The Pacific is, or should be, the chief connecting link between our churches, introducing us to each other as workers laboring for the same end—the conversion of these adopted states of ours to Chist. I know all about the clinging to the dear old Congegationalist or Advance, but since my home is here, and my interests are here for the remainder of my life, if I could pay for only one, it would be The Pacific. I cannot understand how one who has had the reading of the Pacific for a year should be so careless as not to pay for it promptly. We have some poor but worthy people in our churches, and some rich but honest people. Now it cannot be we of Southern California; it must be the other fellows that are keeping back part of the pay that honestly belongs to the paper. "Lord, is it I" Let this question go up from the heart of every professed follower of Jesus Christ in our churches, and The Pacific will take on the strong life befitting it, and we shall be blessed, and our Lord not dishonored. *S. B. F.*

Los Angeles.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

It is very plain that we have not too long postponed the Blossom Festival in this beautiful county. The rains have been cold and many. Snow has glorified the mountain ridges. Frosts have threatened. Native Sons and Daughters grown to maturity do not remember so cold a spring. Washingtonians marvel at the surprising wood bills. Yet old Sol has not resigned. His supremacy is unquestioned. It is a sunny county and the full and ready blossoms only need the kisses of a few warm days to burst out in luxurious abundance. I do not think Saratogans will advise it or that the Santa Clara Improvement Society will wish another postponement. If April 1st be warm and sunny, there will be much to delight the eye in this superb country. And while the interested towns who follow us in the increasing celebration of Blossom week have more teams, more people, more of mechanical arrangement for the comfort of guests, they all admit that nowhere are blossoms more bountiful or more beautiful than in little Saratoga. Glen Una was for many years the largest prune ranch in the world. It is certainly the largest in this region now. The sight of it on a perfect day in full bloom is comparable with Lovers' Point in a storm, Magnolia avenue when orange blossoms are at their best, or Portland hills and snow mountains on a clear June day. So friends, it is a good time to come and see us. The S. P. R. R. Co. will bring you from the Bay Cities and all adjacent territory to Los Gatos, and return you home for one and one-third fare; ministers and their families at half rates. Mr. Wm. McMurray, at 613 Market street, can answer all your questions in San Francisco. Take the narrow gauge, 8:15 a. m. train. For all who send word to Deacon F. M. Farwell, the committee offer a jolly country ride from Los Gatos and return and blossoms to fill eyes and memory for an entire year. And if you will send word by postal to J. W. McElroy, Sec. 7, Saratoga, you can secure places at table for a good country dinner. It will be a good dinner. The price will be half a dollar. Friends with lunch baskets will be just as welcome. Coffee will be provided at nominal price. Congress Springs' soda, unsurpassed, will be free. Games, athletics, music, songs, speeches. The S. P. R. R. do us the kindness to give our guests a longer day than they have had with us heretofore. There will be a special train at 5 p. m., from Los Gatos, which will connect with a San Jose train for San Francisco. Friends buying tickets for Tuesday and being disappointed by the weather or for any other reason, will find the tickets good for the week. It must be a rare Easter for us here. Indoor decorations will be tame compared with Nature's lavish display out of doors.

We have just laid away here, in community sympathy and sorrow, the precious dust of a brave wife and mother. She took the slight chances the city surgeons offered her to live for her dear ones. And when the call came to go up higher, she went without a murmur. There is Christian heroism all about us in common life. The grass has not had time to grow on Miss Catherine Fairchild's grave before the father, president, philosopher, saint

and friend is called to his rest. Aloha finds it a lonelier world. Oberlin mourns. Yet, who would keep back the blind old saint from the glorious group who have preceded him into the presence of the Savior. Pen can not sketch such a life. Tongue cannot praise him. But looking out on the wealth of flowers with which my Father carpets this corner of the earth, I have a new sense of the beauty of that world to which he calls his elect.

Notes and Personals.

Prof. F. H. Foster of Pacific Theological Seminary expects to start East about the middle of April and to spend his vacation there.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff of the Church Building Society went last week to Oregon and Washington, expecting to be absent three or four weeks.

President George A. Gates of Pomona College is announced to give the annual address at the commencement exercises of Pacific Theological Seminary the second week in April.

Mrs. Mary H. Sargent, mother of Rev. Ben F. Sargent of Berkeley, died last week in Chicago at the advanced age of eighty years. Hers was ever an earnest Christian life, and by what she was she led all of her six children into that abundant life.

"Some Things About the Bible" will be the subject of a paper to be read by the Rev. Joseph Rowell at the next meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. Last Monday the Rev. Ben F. Sargent spoke on the subject of "Cremation." Mr. Sargent is an advocate of this method of disposing of the body at death.

Mr. C. H. Brown of Chicago has come to the Coast to spend several weeks in the interests of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. The special purpose of the trip is to work up an interest in the Congregationalist, which is now owned by the Sunday-school and Publishing Society. We should be glad to see a large circulation on this Coast for the Congregationalist. But it should, of course, be secured without any effort to crowd out The Pacific. It is an indisputable fact that our Eastern papers cannot meet the needs of the Coast churches. If there should be any attempt to persuade our people to prefer the Congregationalist to The Pacific—and we understand that there is such a thought in the minds of some persons connected with the former—it will prove a great mistake. It should be The Pacific first, the Eastern papers second, when choice has to be made. We say this with the profound impression that it is one of the most important utterances in the interests of Pacific Coast Congregationalism ever made. If in any way possible The Pacific must be sustained. Anything that weakens it weakens also the work of Congregationalism and the Church kingdom all along the Coast. We cannot believe that with the need and the outlook Pacific Coast pastors will be persuaded to anything that will cripple this important agency in our church work.

Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho.

The twentieth annual meeting will be held at Ritzville April 1st-3d. Rev. R. C. Gale of Spokane will give the annual sermon. Rev. F. McConoughy will speak on "The Business Side of Church Work." The discussion will be led by Rev. H. E. Mason. Rev. J. Edwards will present the subject, "How to Secure the Attendance of Non-Church-Goers." Discussions to be led by Rev. J. M. Williams. "Neglected Truths Concerning Church Erection" will be considered by Rev. H. H. Wikoff. "The Sunday-school as the Recruiting Ground of the Church," by Rev. S. Greene. Other subjects are: "The Claims of the Church on the Community," by Rev. J. D. Jones, discussion to be led by Rev. T. W. Walters; "Requirements for Church Membership," by Rev. Frank A. Bown, discussion to be led by Rev. I. T. Percival; "Church Membership; What It Should Bring, What It Should Do," by Rev. Edmund Owens, discussion to be led by Rev. A. E. Bradstreet; address, "How to Produce a Type of Spirituality in the Churches Robust Enough to Command the World's Respect and Genuine Enough to Have Power Over the World's Life," by Rev. Geo. R. Wallace, D.D.; Question Box, conducted by Rev. H. C. Mason; "The Church and the Boy," by Rev. J. A. Henry, discussion to be led by Rev. J. C. McInnes; "The Mission Churches," by Rev. W. W. Scudder; "The Church's Institutions of Learning," by Rev. J. W. Dow, Rev. S. B. L. Penrose; "The Present-Day Value of the Church Prayer-meeting," by Rev. Geo. H. Newman, discussion to be led by Rev. J. J. Huleen; address by Rev. J. M. Robinson, D.D., LL.D., pastor St. Andrews Presbyterian church, Rossland, B. C.

Washington

Port Gamble, March 17, 1902.

Editor of the Pacific: In your issue of the 13th, Washington number, there is a report of the churches of the Northwest Association, which, as usual, makes no mention of the work in this place, where we have a Congregational church of eight members, that is one of the self-supporting fields of the ten per cent of such churches in the State. We have all the troubles of a mill port that is owned by a corporation; but our worship is regularly sustained, and the pastor's salary, though not large, is managed and paid in a way that few equal and none surpass. I gave our treasurer last year fifty-one receipts in full, which is as good as possible. We have an excellent Sunday-school, a good C. E. Society, and our Thursday evening meeting is as regular as the day. It is going on twelve years since the present pastor came to the place. He was here several years, went to California, but the people called him back, and he has been here ever since. We contributed to five of our regular causes last year, and probably will this.

Wm. Butler, Pastor.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

Sunday, March 2d, and the day following, were days long to be remembered by the new church at Pleasant Valley, Whatcom county, for it was the day of the dedication of their church building not only, but it was the occasion of the reception of forty-two persons into the church organization, of whom twenty-five were received upon confession of their faith in Christ and were baptized. In 1899 a Sunday-school was gathered and organized, sixty persons being enrolled. There had been no Sunday-school in the neighborhood for eight years, but when at this time a canvass was made by Rev. Harry W. Young, one of the missionaries of our Sunday-school society, it was found a large majority of the community favored the school. After a few months the school was assisted in securing a library which, of course, tended to increase the interest. Very soon the attendance increased the enrollment to ninety and the district

schoolhouse was frequently so full that the congregation overflowed its capacity.

The missionary visited them during two years, perhaps a dozen times, always preaching for them after the Sunday-school hour and frequently in the evenings, to an audience equally large when all manner of contrivances had to be sought out for seats.

When it was found that the school had really come to be an institution to abide and from it there was coming a fruitage of renewed lives, there was a demand for a church. In the summer of 1901 the names of twenty or more persons were given to the missionary, asking for church membership. Others sent in their names. A provisional organization was made and incorporated, and in September of last year the first steps were taken in the purchase of a parcel of ground, and the erection of a building was begun.

As in this case the very efficient Sunday-school missionary was also a skilled mechanic and a leader in this capacity was needed as much as the preacher; it seemed advisable that for a time his headquarters should be with this new enterprise. So until the edifice was completed, the missionary-mechanic spent most of his week days and part of the Sabbaths on this new ground until this very neat and roomy house of worship was finished. On the morning of March 2d, divine services were held for the first time, Supt. Scudder preaching the opening sermon. Thirty-two persons then entered into covenant. In the evening ten others came forward to be received, and the formal service of dedication of the building were conducted, Supt. Greene preaching the sermon. On Monday afternoon a Council of Recognition was held, composed of representatives of the churches of Whatcom, Blaine, Ferndale and Fairhaven, and Supts. Scudder and Greene. Rev. Samuel Greene was chosen Moderator, and Rev. W. M. Morse Scribe. After a careful examination into all the conditions relating to the gathering of the church, it was voted full recognition as a Congregational church and was commended for the zeal and vigor which had already been manifested in its spiritual and material purpose. The wisdom of the Sunday-school Society and its missionary was noted in the formal result of the Council, because of the careful and satisfactory method pursued in the development of both the Sunday-schol and the church. Public services of recogintion followed in the evening when the sermon was preached by Rev. R. K. Ham of Whatcom. Other parts were by Revs. W. M. Morse, D. G. Curry, Supt. Scudder and H. W. Young.

Our church at Steilacoom, the town being the oldest on Puget Sound, is with the town putting on somewhat of a new life. The church building is being moved from its long time location on one side of the town to lots nearer the center, on one of the main streets, and is being practically rebuilt. Its pastor, Rev. H. B. Hendley, is greatly appreciated by his people and its Sunday-school has grown so that with its Home Department and Cradle Roll, its entire enrollment has reached to one hundred and thirty.

Some mail has reached us from Nome, Alaska, from which we learn that the interests of our church are prospering. Regular congregations are from four to five hundred, and up to December 10th ten persons had been added to the church. Current collections are from forty to fifty dollars per Sabbath. Pastor W. C. Fowler and his church are interesting themselves in the poor of the city and are providing much clothing and other necessaries.

Seattle, March 22d.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes

John Willis Baer, Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor for the United States, spoke at the First church this morning. He is an inspiring speaker. He will speak in Salem next Tuesday.

The work in the Salem Central church, Rev. T. H. Henderson, pastor, is considered to be in a hopeful condition. The coming and going of the people in the vicinity presents a problem somewhat difficult to meet in securing the steady and permanent growth which is such a vital necessity.

The annual meeting of the Congregational City Missionary Society was held early in the month, and a full report of the year's work was presented by the missionary, Rev. D. B. Gray. This may be briefly summarized as follows:

Pastoral work, visiting individuals and families, otherwise uncared for, and oftentimes finding in the city hospitals those to whom a word of sympathy and cheer means a great deal, has made the year a very busy one. The work done in the society's field frequently bears fruit elsewhere. A single example will suffice.

A young man was brought to a hospital from a locality a few miles distant. He was visited from time to time and seemed greatly pleased. Upon recovery and returning home he became a regular attendant at the Y. P. S. C. E. meetings, and now is always present at every preaching service.

In addition to visiting families in the outskirts of the city and in the rural districts within a radius of ten miles from the city, in which service many are reached who do not come into relation with any other Christian influence, it may be well to give the missionary's experience for a single Sunday, as a type of each Sunday's effort for the year.

A trip of three miles in a street car and three miles' walk takes the missionary to Alto Park schoolhouse. In the vicinity there are ten to fifteen families and a Sunday-school of about forty is gathered. A preaching service follows, children and young people remaining to the service. Afterwards a walk of three miles takes the missionary to Oswego, in time for Sunday-school there. A Bible class is taught, and if there are any sick they are called upon and given words of cheer. Then comes the evening preaching service, with an attendance of from 60 to 100. Here there is a Y. P. S. C. E., the missionary in attendance regularly, and from it several young people have united with the church and are doing excellent work. One of these young people is attending Pacific University and another is at the State Agricultural College at Corvallis, and excellent reports are received concerning their Christian character and scholarship. This society is a tower of strength to the church, and is a center from which radiates a strong influence for good in the community. And so on during each month, only that each Sunday covers a different yet equally important field. Sometimes assistance is obtained through exchange or otherwise. A young professor in Pacific University has become interested in the missionary's work, and as often as he can, consistent with other duties, gives an occasional preaching service in the district nearest to Forest Grove.

Not the least among influences for good created by the missionary's presence from time to time is the fact that his presence in the various parts of his wide field of labor once a month strengthens and encouarges the people with whom he comes in touch, so that they are better able to meet the difficulties and responsibilities of

life with fresher life and energy, and at the same time, during the frequent weekly visits, both young and old came to feel that the bond of sympathy is strengthened and that one really cares for them.

In numerous cases, in the suburbs of the city, in cases of sickness and death, sorrowing friends would have been at a loss where to turn for some one to minister comfort or perform the rites of burial, but for the presence of the missionary to render the needed service.

Another phase of usefulness has been made use of by visiting the public schools in suburban neighborhoods. In no case have the teachers failed to express their appreciation of these visits and the interest shown in their work; and opportunity to give words of counsel and encouragement to pupils has been freely offered.

An incidental benefit growing out of the work of the year has been the introduction of free traveling libraries in four neighborhoods, which have provided excellent reading where it was much needed.

In addition to the regular sources of support for this work, one person, not a church member, incidentally became interested in some features of it, and as an evidence of his appreciation gave $50, to be used in the discretion of the missionary.

In all this work there are many compensations, chief among which, however, is the consciousness that a large number of young people—more than in most of the city churches—at the most impressionable period in their lives, are being influenced to recognize the importance of a genuine religious life; and many have avowed their purpose to follow Christ, and their example is having its effect in deepening spiritual influences in the lives of others.

The work in the Salem First church, with which it is the privilege of your scribe to worship today, is in a flourishing condition, good and growing audiences constantly assembling to hear the able pastor. Problems this church has, it is true, and many of them, but the outlook is increasingly hopeful, and it is doubtful if at any time in the past has its influence in all that is helpful in the Christian life been greater than at the present time.

The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. Kantner in Oregon, and up and down the Coast, will be glad to learn something about their little invalid daughter. After undergoing an operation in San Francisco she is apparently improving. She lies on a stretcher, with feet and head strapped so that she cannot turn over. To look at her face one would suppose she was in perfect health. She has been in her present condition for months, and while she is improving, she will have to remain on the stretcher for months to come. Yet amid it all she is as joyful, patient and contented a little body as one could wish to see. Not a murmur or complaint of any kind passes her lips. When asked if she would not like to get upon her feet and run around, she replies, "No; I must stay this way so that I can get well." What the outcome will be cannot be told, but if medical and surgical skill can avail anything, she will in time get well.

The Caobab tree is noted for its tenacity of life. After it is cut, the trunk will frequently grow several inches as it lies prone upon the earth. The bark is removed, as a rope is made from its fibers. This does not seem to injure the tree, for it will soon put forth a new bark. Not even fire seems to have the power to take the life of this monarch of the forest. A blaze can be kindled and burn all day with the trunk as a background, and the tree is still unharmed.

Spring Meeting of the San Francisco Association.

The San Francisco Association of Congregational Churches held its regular spring meeting at Plymouth church, March 10th. There was a large attendance and the afternoon and evening sessions were full of inspiration and help. From the report of the Bay Association it is gleaned that the friends "over the bay" feel that the separation, by having two associations, has been a benefit to all concerned. That opinion has gained strength at each gathering on both sides of the Bay. The spirit of true fraternity exists and should grow stronger with the years.

The association organized by the choice of D. Gilbert Dexter, Moderator, and W. W. Chase, Scribe. Rev. C. H. Stevens addressed the association on "The Power of the Holy Spirit." Discussion followed.

A prayer and conference service, led by Rev. Joseph Rowell, was a fit closing of the afternoon session, following the able address and the spiritual discussion from many. The topic for the evening was "Ideals and Aims in the Work of Our Churches." Rev. Huber Burr spoke "As to the Individual Member": Rev. William Rader as to "The Institutional Church"; and George C. Adams, D.D., "As to the Churches in Fellowship." General discussion followed, full of interest.

An invitation from Sunset church for the association to meet with them in September was accepted.

The after-dinners speeches were excellent. Prof. Elisha Brooks presided as toast-master. Rev. Philip Combe gave a witty speech on climatic effects. Rev. Mr. Wickoff spoke about "Church Extension," and Prof. R. R. Lloyd on "Biblical Thought and Adaption," and Rev. W. W. Ferrier, editor of The Pacific, spoke happily on the future of his work.

The ladies of Plymouth church prepared a bountiful dinner with charming service. They deserved and received a unanimous vote of thanks from the association.

The devotional spirit of the meeting was a marked feature throughout the day. The discussions on the topics considered did not remove a deep spirituality, which prevailed from the first. It was a day of marked helpfulness.

The reports from the churches were brief, pointed and full of encouragement, showing a marked improvement over the previous year. Some of the churches called weak churches have grown to be strong and the outlook in the associational field is cheering.

The following are the Associational Committee for 1902:

Home Missionary Committee—Wm. C. Pond, R. B. Cherington, William Rader.

Committee on Membership—Joseph Rowell, Philip Combe, M. B. Fisher, W. W. Chase, Registrar Atkinson, D. Gilbert Dexter.

The Churches in Hawaii.

The First Foreign church of Hilo, J. A. Cruzan, pastor, has recently canceled a mortgage of $3,500 on its parsonage. On the first of January, 1899, the indebtedness of $6,000 on its new and beautiful church building was paid off, making a total of $9,500 indebtedness canceled during the present pastorate. The church now has a fine property, entirely free from debt: a church building, which cost $15,000, with a pipe organ costing $2,700, and a new parsonage, with grounds 160x200 feet, worth at least $10,000.

Revs. Rice and Westervelt of Honolulu have recently conducted a temperance campaign in Hilo and vicinity, using a stereopticon with good effect. Mr. Rice is

Rev. L. M. Hartley's successor in the office of Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League.

Rev. S. L. Desha of the Haili (Hawaiian) church, Hilo, recently lost his little girl, Mary, by death. She was a pupil in the Kawaihao Seminary, Honolulu, and was greatly beloved. Mr. Desha has himself been seriously ill for three weeks from pleurisy.

The Hilo Boy's Boarding School have plans for elaborate new buildings, to cost about $50,000. The plan includes a school for girls as well as boys. Mr. Levi Lyman, grandson of the founder of the school, is the present principal.

The Americans of Hilo, to the number of one hundred and ten, commemorated Washington's birthday with an elaborate banquet, and with speech and song. Rev. J. A. Cruzan presided as toastmaster.

Rev. C. W. Hill has gathered an English-speaking congregation at Honokao, preaching there one Sunday each month. He travels by carriage about seventy-five miles to meet this appointment.

The Hawaiian Board has discontinued the services of Rev. L. Kaliipeo as missionary in the Hilo and Pana districts.

ORDER SETTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—In the Matter of the Application of PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY, of San Francisco, for Permission to Sell Real Estate.

The Plymouth Congregational Society, a religious and benevolent corporation, having filed in this Court its petition for permission to sell that certain lot of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Lake Street with the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue; running thence Westerly, and along said Southerly line of Lake Street, one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue; and thence at a right angle Northerly, and along said Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue, seventy-five (75) feet to the Southerly line of Lake Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Outside Land Block No. 96.

And it appearing that good cause exists therefor, IT IS ORDERED that the said petition be heard in Department number twelve of this Court, on Saturday, the fifth day of April, 1902, at ten o'clock A. M. on said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, and that a copy of this order be published for two consecutive insertions, one on March 27th, 1902, and one on April 3rd, 1902, prior to said day of hearing, in "The Pacific," a newspaper published weekly in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated March 24th, 1902.

CARROLL COOK,
Judge.

HAVEN & HAVEN, Call Building, Attorneys for Petitioner.

Old Maid's Paradise.

BY CORINTH LE DUE CROOK, PH.D.

"Goodbye, girls. Now be careful and don't let the house run off"—and father and mother disappeared into the gloom of the town 'bus.

They were off to the mountains for a rest, and left Elsie and me in full possession. We had heroically dismissed our maid and began at once to "straighten up." One room after the other was swept and dusted and all the blinds pulled down. What a satisfaction it was to know that they would stay down and the sun could not glare in, as he usually did. We joked and laughed as we worked, for Elsie and I always enjoy each other. For a month we had planned a real "old maids' Paradise," and this was the beginning.

The first day took to itself wings, and had flown before we knew it. Night came. Now we were not afraid, but we were unaccustomed to the house and neighborhood. Every door and window was carefully locked. Indeed, after retiring, we made several excursions to doors and windows, which we feared we had forgotten but which we inevitably found securely fastened. At last we were satisfied and Elsie went to sleep.

Just as the real began to grow hazy in my mind and the fantastic to hold sway, the odor of strong tobacco smoke brought me quickly back to earth. I lay still with every nerve tense; my mind worked like lightning—suppose some man were in the house, how could we defend ourselves! Our most dangerous weapon was a pillow! My body was covered with a cold perspiration as I listened for the creaking of the stairs and the footfall of "the man." Gradually the calm of the night soothed me and I must have fallen asleep, when suddenly I heard a screen door bang. I sat up in bed with a start; the suspense was too great—I must know what it was. I roused Elsie and we went on a pilgrimage, expecting to meet some dark form at every turn. Everything seemed secure and we concluded that Mr. Green, our next-door neighbor, had been out late. The night passed thus, with two more pilgrimages and several false alarms; but it passed.

The next day we thoroughly discussed the matter. "We cannot afford to stay awake half the night even if we do protect the house," said Elsie. "Besides, it is so disappointing never to find any body for our trouble. Why do you hear every sound?"

"I am unfortunate enough to have such good ears. What shall we do?"

The next night we were fully prepared for all unwelcome intruders. The back stair door was securely locked and blockaded. The only other means of approach to our room was by way of the front stairs. At the top of this staircase we placed a chair which was piled high with pans and kettles. To the undermost kettle was attached a small black thread, which crossed the front staircase in such a manner that it was impossible for any one to pass it without bringing down the whole pile of pans, with a result which can be better imagined than described. Then we retired, but not defenceless.

When I was a child my brother had taught me that there were two vulnerable points in one's anatomy which, when attacked, rendered one's opponent helpless. These were the stomach and the eyes. This knowledge I now resolved to put to service. I could not be expected to aim a blow of any great power or accuracy at the stomach of a burglar if I should hear him knock the pans down; there then remained the eyes. Ammonia is very hard on the eyes, and therefore I took the large bottle of ammonia to bed with me. If any one had pased our barricade I feel sure he would have lost his eyes.

Elsie insists that I sat up four times that first night with my ammonia bottle ready for use.

Our pans were never disturbed, nor did I have an opportunity to prove how effective a means of defence ammonia flung at the eyes may be. Try it.

Ironton, Ohio.

An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins.

Our Boys and Girls.

Easter Lilies.

O where are the tall white lilies
That grew by the garden wall?
We wanted them for Easter,
And there is not one at all!

Down in the bare brown garden
Their roots lie hidden deep,
And the life is pulsing through them,
Although they seem to sleep;

And the gardener's eye can see them—
Those germs that hidden lie—
Shine in the stately beauty
That shall clothe them by and by.

Even so in our hearts are growing
The lilies the Lord loves best,
The faith and the trust and patience
He planteth in the breast.

Nor yet is their full sweet blossom,
But He sees their coming prime,
As they will smile to meet Him
In earth's glad Easter time!

The love that striveth toward Him
Through earthly gloom and chill,
The humble, sweet obedience
Through darkness following still—

These are the Easter lilies,
Precious and fair and sweet,
We may bring to the risen Savior,
And lay at his blessed feet.

—Wide Awake.

An Egg-Decorating Bee.

"There used to be quilting-bees and apple-paring-bees, and I don't see why it would be so very queer for us to have an egg-bee!" said Alice. "We may as well have a frolic out of the Easter egg decorating, and make believe we are having a party, even if only us children can come, 'cause we're shut in all this time with the measles."

"Horrid old things!" exclaimed Alec, who had been the sickest of all, and shut indoors for four weeks. He meant the measles, of course, not the eggs.

"Anyhow, we're better!" cried sunny little Adeline, brightly. "We can go outdoors Easter Sunday, mamma said, if it's pleasant."

"Well, let's settle about this egg-bee," said Artie, impatiently, from his lounge. It isn't much fun to be the last to take measles, even if you "have them light." It is hard to think you have to stay quiet and covered up, when the rest can play about.

Just then mamma came in and sat down.

"The hens are doing finely," she announced. "You may have, oh, ever so many eggs to color; and Jane is making cake for the Crippled Children's Home Fair, so I told her to save the shells. You can make things out of the shells, you know, besides coloring the unbroken eggs. And papa says he will give a prize to the one that makes the cleverest thing from an egg-shell," she added, looking into their faces.

The children exclaimed with pleasure, and began to plan what they should make, until mamma warned them not to talk about it before each other, but to keep their plans secret. "You might suggest things to each other," she said, "and papa wishes the ideas to be your very own. I will help Artie make his," she added, "because he can not be about, but he must plan it out all himself," and she smiled down at Artie's blotched face.

Before very long the children had spread out their paints, gilding, bits of colored paper, dyes, and all sorts of working-tools on the nursery table. "It looks sort of businesslike," explained Alice.

There was a great deal of mysterious work with egg-shells going on for about a week, each child turning his back on the rest, and putting his work away in a box when tired. It was such fun to have secrets!

First there was the egg-boiling. A number of eggs were boiled plain, and while these were being decorated by hand, more eggs were boiled in dye waters, a batch for each child, according to the color chosen. The hand-decorating was great fun. Papa and mamma joined in that. Paints and gilding were used, also tiny pictures and fancy figures cut out of colored paper. Papa did a very clever one. He covered an egg with a design copied from the wall-paper, doing it with a lead pencil. That one mamma declared should not be eaten.

The nests grew full of eggs, fresh from the dye-kettle and the paint-brush, and the children had almost forgotten about the prize egg-shells when papa asked for them. Each box held something very ingenious.

Alice's shell had been made into a doll. The small broken end of the shell was inserted in the small end of a stiff paper cone and glued there. A face had been marked on it, a cap of tissue and lace paper put on, and the whole was dressed in tissue paper, in the latest style. Surely, this should win a prize.

When Alec's shell was brought forth there was a shout. It was made into a mammoth spider. He had used the egg for the spider's round body, and crooked twigs for legs. They were fastened on with sealing-wax, a head was made of a lump of the wax, and the whole was gilded. It was quite a curiosity, and, papa said, deserved a place in his natural history cabinet.

Little Adeline's egg was a hanging-basket. She had crocheted from green silk a tiny bag to set the egg-shell in, with long cords to hang it by. Then she had filled it with earth, and planted some canary seeds, which had sprouted. It was to hang in the window, and was to be Dickey's garden, she said.

Last came Artie's egg, in the form of Humpty-Dumpty-sat-on-a-wall. He had glued a wall, built out of pieces of cork, to a card, and on it had stuck Master Humpty Dumpty, with his hat, wire legs and arms.

"The prize, papa, the prize!" cried all four, as Artie's egg was set on the mantel.

Papa looked from Humpty Dumpty to where the hanging-basket swung from the window fastening, then glanced at the great gilt spider sprawling on the table, and finally smiled at Alice's Easter doll. He appeared to be thinking intently for a moment; then his eyes twinkled.

"I thought there would be just this difficulty," he said, drawing some packages from his pockets, "so I brought home four prizes!"—Annie Willis McCullough, in Youth's Companion.

Easter Eggs and Their Origin.

More than a hundred years ago some men lived on the mountain sides in Germany who cut wood and piled it close together and covered it with earth and then set fire to it, taking care to make it burn very slowly. If at any time the fire kindled into a blaze some wet dirt was thrown over it, which caused a great smoke and kept the wood from burning to ashes. After a few days the fire was put out, and then the heap was torn open and the charred wood taken out into baskets and sent into towns and cities. These men were called "charcoal" men. The

charcoal men who now bring it in loads to our cities and cry, "Charcoal! charcoal! coal, coal, charcoal!" make it in the same way the Germans did hundreds of years ago. While the men were burning the wood and carrying the coal to market the women were planting the fields, taking care of horses, cows, and goats. They spun yarn and wove cloth, which was made from the flax and hemp which they raised in the fields, and made into clothes for themselves, their husbands, and children. I am sorry to say that in Germany, even now, women are often harnessed with dogs, and work in the fields. But, children, you need not suppose that while the parents were at work their children were playing with dolls or rolling hoop. Oh, no. Children in these days had their part to do.

One day, late in the autumn, a little girl went into the valley after a stray goat, and was surprised to find an old man and a small boy unloading some mules, and a lady with a little girl on her lap sitting by the path. Maria was almost afraid, for she rarely met strangers, and was going to run away, when the old man called out to her and asked if she knew where he could find lodgings for the lady and her children, for they were too tired to go any farther.

"Indeed, I don't know," said Maria, very timidly, all the while looking at the pale and tired faces before her.

"O, mamma, I am so cold," said Heinrich, laying his hands under Rosechen's cloak.

"Maybe the miller will let you stop in his new house yonder, which he has just finished," said Maria, and then asked if she should go and bring him.

"If you please. You are a very good girl," said the lady. So Maria ran away to the new house, where she found the miller and told him about the strangers.

"Well, well! we must attend to them at once. It is too cold for ladies and small children to stop in these mountains. I wonder why they are here. There must be some tale to this," said the miller"; and full of curiosity he followed Maria to the bend in the road where the strangers were waiting.

The quick, searching eye of the miller read at a glance that sorrow and trouble had brought them here, and, taking the old servant by the hand, he said, "Stranger, you are welcome to take this lady and her children to my new house for the present. We were about to move into it, but we can wait for a time. Cold weather is almost upon us, and the woman needs rest. Bring them along." As soon as Heinrich heard these words he jumped around his mother, saying, "*Can* we go with him? Say, mother, *can* we go?" "Yes, my son," she answered, and, almost choked with tears, she arose to go with the miller.

Maria was in a hurry to go home and tell what she had seen and heard, but nanny goat liked the sweet, tender grass which grew in the valley, and did not wish to leave; and so Maria whipped the goat to make it go home, but to no purpose, for nanny was contrary and would not go one step. When Maria raised her stick to strike at her she stood up on her hind feet and made an awkward bow, which Maria understood to mean, "Let me alone, for I won't go one step if you do whip me."

Maria knew it was of no use to whip the goat, and sat down upon a rock, saying, "O, dear, I wish you would go!"

Nanny went on feeding again, and Maria pulled up some long grass and threw it down at nanny's feet and began to sing a cheerful song. Nanny caught the same cheerful spirit, and came up and laid its pretty head in her lap, as much as to say, "I do love you, and will do as you wish me to." Maria sang a few verses, all the while patting nanny, and then started for home with the goat. It was noon, and a hot dinner was smoking upon the table.

"You have been a long time looking for the goat. Was it far away?" asked her mother.

"O, no; but you can't guess what I've seen. Some strangers—a lady and two children and an old man." She then narrated the occurrences of the morning.

"It is an uncommon affair," said Mr. Segel. "I think, wife, you would better send some food to them. Possibly they may be the family of the Baron of Arno. You know that it is reported that the Baron Harno has imprisoned him, and his family have fled the country for safety. We will look after them."

I should like to show my little readers a picture of this pale, tired lady, as she threw her arms around Maria, and, clasping her to her bosom, wept tears of gratitude. Gotleib stood back and looked on with amazement. He could not comprehend how a stranger should embrace a stranger, as the lady had his sister.

Mrs. Henness, for this was the lady's name, dropped upon her knees and thanked God for putting such kindness into the hearts of strangers.

Early in the spring, and much to Maria's wonderment, a hen came clucking into the yard, followed by a brood of eight chickens. Cunio mixed some dough and threw out to them, for they were hungry; the old hen fluttered about, calling, "chick, chick," and scratched about, putting on many airs, for she was a proud mother.

It was a cold morning, and the tender chickens were cold; so they ran under the wings of their mother to get warm. Maria was much interested in the movements of the mother hen, and had many questions to ask about her and the chickens. She could not understand why they should be able to run about so spry and help themselves, while young birds are unable to leave their nest for many days. The miller was so curious about the hen and her chickens that he came to see them. Mrs. Henness told them that it is indeed wonderful how God has given them the ability to do so much for themselves, as it would be very difficult for the mother hen to supply the wants of so many little ones, and as these fowls are very useful to man, God has made them with such capabilities for man's good.

As the days began to lengthen, and the sun to brighten, Mrs. Henness longed for some recreation such as she used to enjoy in her far-off home; so she invited all the young people and children to come Easter Day and celebrate it. But how was she to amuse and entertain the young people and children? She could obtain neither toys nor candy in these mountain regions. Maria, seeing her perplexity, began to think for her; so one day she said, "Lady, I have thought of something that I think will please the young folks that will come to the Easter party." "Well, what is it, Maria?" asked Lady Henness. "Let me boil some eggs hard, and I think I can color them, and, if I can, you can give them to the children. May I try?"

Maria was well rewarded for her pains, for the eggs were colored as she wished. After dinner she went out with the children and taught them how to make nests of moss for the hens to lay their eggs in, and sent them away while she put the colored and striped eggs into the nests. Lady Henness also put in a white egg, upon which was written a motto, such as, "A good conscience gives a sweet repose," "A clean heart saves much pain," "Trust in God and He will help you." These mottoes were taught to the children, and often repeated by them. This is the way Easter eggs first came into use in Germany, then in England, and now in our own country.—Christian Advocate.

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"Yes, that is sharing half your load with her," said the other quietly, "but has Mary no loads of her own to carry?" Then, as if she feared the question might sound intrusive or unkind, she added: "I have learned to think of that of late years, because I had a brother who was to me what your sister is to you. He was one of those on whom others naturally lean—wise, strong, tender and patient—and I carried my griefs and worries to him, always sure of sympathy.

"Not until his brave life ended did I realize how many heavy burdens of his own he had been bearing. Business cares and reverses, grave family anxieties, increasing physical disability, and the knowledge that disease was surely eating his life away—all this had been pressing sorely upon him. I know that many a weary day, which possibly I might have brightened a little, I had made his burden heavier by the weight of my own. I never think of his dear, kind face without wishing I had carried him my sunshine instead of my shadows."—Forward.

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On Sunday morning early the pastor answered the doorbell and saw standing there the woman's son, a godless, scoffing man for whom she had been praying for many years. He carried a bundle in his arms; handing it to the pastor, he said: "This is my mother's old family Bible, and in looking through the family record I found these words: 'Lord, I promise thee this day I will never cease praying for my children until thou bless them.' This is more than I can stand," said he, with great effort between choking bursts of emotion, "and I want to take up my mother's cross right here where she laid it down." He also had his name enrolled at once as a probationer, so that it might take the immediate place of hers, which must be removed.

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